

FRANK LESLIE'S  
**ILLUSTRATED**  
 NEWS OF THE WEEK.  
**ILLUSTRATED**  
**NEWSPAPER**

75

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No. 1,071—Vol. XLII.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1876.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



CROSSING THE RUBICON.

U. S. G.—“ Well, there's time enough! Before Conkling gets half-way over, these Union League fellows will have chopped away his bridge from under his feet, and then maybe my plank will just reach across!”



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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
637 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1876.

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#### A HINT TO AMERICAN CENTENNIAL EXHIBITORS.

A RECENT visit to the Centennial Exposition Grounds at Philadelphia afforded the most satisfactory evidence of the earnestness with which the work of preparation is being pushed forward. Goods are pouring in steadily from all quarters of the globe, and on every hand spacious and elegant structures have been erected for the accommodation of the State Committees and the various organizations whose interests are to be represented in the general exhibition. Many of these official buildings have already been represented in this journal, and the growing series is continued in the present issue. Everything, in a word, indicates that the Exposition is to be superior to any previous undertaking of the same kind, and a fitting accompaniment to the celebration of our centennial anniversary. An illustration of its magnitude, as compared with the several World's Fairs held in past years, is afforded in the fact that the Shoe and Leather Building alone is nearly as large as the entire New York Crystal Palace, which in its day was so greatly admired. So far as regards the efforts of the Central Committee, everything that was promised has been executed punctually, and to the full letter of the undertaking. The foreign exhibitors also have displayed commendable energy in getting promptly on the ground; and, indeed, in this respect, are far ahead of our own countrymen. The former, almost without exception, have their goods already arranged in the cases prepared for their display, while the space allotted to American exhibitors and laid out for their use stands mostly unappropriated and nearly bare. For some reason we do not seem to have yet acquired a full understanding of the character of an International Exposition, nor to appreciate as we should the fact that other interests besides our own are involved in the timely perfection of the programme. It will be well for all persons intending to take part in this magnificent display of the world's inventive progress to put in an appearance without further delay, as we are informed that the Director-General is about to issue an order to the effect that in case the allotments of space are not at once appropriated by the parties to whom they were originally assigned, they will be re-distributed among the thousands of eager applicants who otherwise would necessarily have been excluded for want of room. It is to be hoped this warning will receive due heed.

#### THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

THE most notable political event of the past week was the Republican Convention held on March 22d at Syracuse, in this State. The gathering was large, the prominent men of the party, as well as the rank and file, being well represented. Much interest was attached to the meeting, as it was generally regarded, not only in the Empire State, but throughout the Union, as the opening of the Presidential campaign. It has long been well known that the Republican Party in the State was not a unit; and the conviction was general that the meeting of the delegates would be characterized by some lively scenes, in which the Administration Party would do their best to carry the Convention by storm. The proceedings were in no sense a surprise to those who were familiar with the divided sentiments of the party and with the inside workings of the political wire-pullers. The Convention proved clearly that the Administration Party were prepared to carry matters with a high hand. It also proved that the Republican Party is no more unanimous as to the general

principles on which the government of the country should be conducted than it is a unit as to the man best qualified to represent those principles, and carry them into effect as the Executive head of the nation.

The adoption of the rules of the Assembly for the regulation of the proceedings of the Convention was a bold attempt to stifle discussion. It revealed, however, the purpose as well as the strength of the Administration Party. The resolutions were neither more nor less than might have been expected under the circumstances. There was the usual amount of self-glorification. The successful prosecution of the war, the preservation of the Union, the securing of equal rights for all classes of citizens, all these were credited as usual to the Republican Party. Insulting as this was, it was nevertheless intelligible. In view of present facts, however, it required more than an ordinary amount of effrontery to claim for the party in power all the honor and glory which come from "thorough retrenchment and reform"; from "the unsparing pursuit, exposure and punishment of public frauds and official dishonesty"; from "the elevation of the public service, and pure and efficient government." The resolutions would have been imperfect without the customary vilification and abuse of the Democratic Party, who were charged with making their control of the House of Representatives "the triumph and opportunity of the nation's foes." General Grant, of course, was warmly eulogized; and the Convention was pledged to support Roscoe Conkling at the National Republican Convention as their nominee for the Presidency.

In spite of the Assembly rules which had been adopted, the minority was not entirely stifled. In a long and noble speech, some of the sentiments of which will ring throughout the length and breadth of the land, George W. Curtis showed the unwisdom, if not absolute folly, in the present condition of the country, and particularly in the present condition of the Republican Party, of sending a delegation to Cincinnati tied hand and foot and prevented from exercising such discretion as arising circumstances might demand. Mr. Curtis, however, failed in his object; and on the vote being taken the original resolutions were carried. It remains now to be seen whether the minority will secede, and as in 1871 adopt an independent course. In any case, it is reasonable to take it for granted that New York State is fairly representative of the sentiments of the Union, and that the Republican Party is as hopelessly divided as are the Democrats.

#### REFORM WITHIN THE PARTY.

AT a meeting on the 9th of March the Union League Club of New York city, in a spasm of virtuous and patriotic indignation, declared that they would no longer submit to the management and control of "the organized machinery of office-holders." Since then the Syracuse Convention has done the bidding and fulfilled the behests of the New York Custom House and of the Federal office-holders throughout the State. The Union League declare that the Republican candidate for the Presidency must be a man "who has had no connection, direct or indirect, with the errors and abuses which have brought reproach upon the fair fame of the country." The Syracuse Convention has nominated Senator Conkling as its chosen candidate for this high office—a man who has had the most direct connection with the errors and abuses of the present Administration, for he has given to that Administration "a thick-and-thin" support. The Union League declare that the Republican candidate must be "above suspicion of sympathy or association with those who have been guilty of these abuses." The Syracuse Convention has nominated Mr. Conkling, whose "sympathy" with President Grant's Administration has never wavered, and whose "association" with the members of his Cabinet has been attended with "unpleasantness" only in the case of Mr. Secretary Bristow—the only member of President Grant's party who ever developed any extraordinary taste or skill as a "reformer." The Union League declare that the Republican candidate must be a man whose name and career shall be a "guarantee of a complete renovation of the public service and of a thorough purging of official abuses." The Syracuse Convention has nominated Senator Conkling, whose "name and career" are a guarantee that the institutes and traditions of "Grantism" would be perpetuated under his administration with the least possible "solution of continuity." The Union League wound up their declarations to the highest pitch of intensity, and carried their "impudence" to an acme by averring that in the judgment of "all unbiased and reflecting men, the exigencies of the party as well as the country at this time demand a President who shall be deservedly recognized as a reformer as well as a Republican." The Syracuse Convention has nominated Senator Conkling, who can be recognized as "a reformer" about as "deservedly" as Cardinal Antonelli might be taken for a stanch

Lutheran, or Mr. Gladstone might be mistaken for the Vicar-General of the Jesuit Order. In so saying, we refer, of course, to Mr. Conkling's political character and affiliations. His private character and his personal associations are, we are glad to believe, above reproach.

And now it remains to ask the members of the Union League, and that "honest and intelligent class of voters" for whom the League assumed to speak, what they mean to do with their "divine despair"? These be parolous words, gentlemen, which you have uttered in the hearing of the whole country; and for uttering them, the men who manage the "machine" in New York have flouted you in the face. The aspiring man for whose confusion you had furnished your thunderbolts has been declared "the favorite son" of New York, and Mr. A. B. Cornell, who wielded the lightning of the telegraph to publish his contempt for your "impudence," has been placed at the head of the delegation which is to represent the State of New York in the Republican nominating convention soon to be held in Cincinnati.

"Unbiased and reflecting men"—the "honest and intelligent masses," as the New York Times would call them—have been long and earnestly implored by the facile Macsycophants of the Republican Party to "seek reform within the bosom of the party itself," instead of straying in search of it, under the lead of Governor Tilden, into the fresh fields and new pastures of the Reformed Democracy. The followers of the New York Custom House have rightly judged that Union Leaguers, who so long have been doing against their conscience what Mr. Conkling and his henchmen have been doing in all good conscience to this day, were not to be greatly feared; however "impudent" might be their manner of speech when inditing "fearless" resolutions within the cool, sequestered walls of the Union League building. It is not likely that Mr. Conkling will take much by the motion which his friends have made at Syracuse; but now that the classical advocates of "reform within the party" have put their best foot forward, it is fitting that unbiased and reflecting men should consider the waste of leather and prunella which has been made in such idle and bootless professions.

#### WHY SILVER HAS FALLEN

THE recent rapid decline in the value of silver is an event of the utmost importance, and will produce momentous effects in all parts of the world. Never before has it been possible with a pound of gold to purchase so many pounds of silver as can now be had for one in San Francisco, New York, London, Paris or Berlin. The decline in the value of gold, caused by the Australian and Californian productions, was a mere trifle to what has now happened to silver, though it alarmed the most distinguished economists and statesmen of the day. Why did the gold findings of twenty years ago have so little effect on the relative values of gold and silver, and why does the present over-supply of silver have so great an effect on the relations between the two? From every point of view this silver question is fraught with instruction, but in none more so than from that above proposed. We will attempt an explanation.

At the time gold was discovered in California and Australia most of the nations of Continental Europe used silver for their currency. France alone, it is computed, employed silver coin to the vast amount of \$700,000,000 to \$800,000,000. Gold and silver both were a legal tender, but though legal tender, and having in law a fixed relation to each other, namely, fifteen and one-half ounces of silver as the equivalent of one ounce of gold, the law was unable to preserve that relation in market values. Gold came pouring into Europe from Australia and California, and the consequence was, that a small premium was paid for French silver coin when bought with French gold coin. The relation between the two was no longer fifteen and one-half of silver to one of gold, but a smaller number, say fifteen and a quarter. What followed? Why, every French debtor, tax-payer and speculator on a great scale, instead of paying in silver, bought gold bullion, carried it to the mint, got gold coin, paid his debt in that coin, and thus realized the premium on his silver. The circulating money of France became a great silver mine, and neutralized the effects of the gold-dust and nuggets of the new countries. Between 1850 and 1879 the French mints coined \$1,000,000,000 in gold, and the money of France, in place of being all silver, as formerly, became at least three-fourths gold. The silver was rapidly transferred to Asia, and especially to India and China, to pay for cotton which those countries furnished to alleviate the cotton famine caused by our civil war.

If France, having silver for her money, and both gold and silver as legal-tender, by substituting gold for silver substantially preserved the equilibrium between the two,

nearly in the proportions fixed by law, why, having to-day gold for her money, can she not change back to silver, and still make use of both metals as money? That she ought to do this is the opinion of some distinguished economists, notably M. Cernuschi, a writer of great force and originality. She might and would absorb the silver of the whole Bonanza, big as it is estimated to be, but rightly or wrongly, she has made a great change in her monetary system. She has virtually closed her mints to the coinage of silver. By a treaty with Switzerland, Italy and Belgium, each party is pledged to coin only a limited amount of legal-tender silver coin each year. The share of France this year is less than \$11,000,000, that of Italy \$7,000,000, of Belgium \$2,000,000, and of Switzerland \$1,500,000. Much of this, we suppose, will be a recoinage of pieces of light weight, but at all events it affords no adequate outlet for the product of the mines and the great mass of silver now being demonetized by Germany. The mints of all Europe are practically closed against silver. France refuses to shift from gold back to silver, and Germany not merely refuses to buy silver, but has a vast quantity to sell. This is the explanation of the fact that silver has now fallen from twelve to fifteen per cent. from its long-established value in gold, while gold, under similar circumstances as far as production is concerned, fell only one or two per cent. from its ancient value in silver as a consequence of the California and Australia findings. Silver has now to wait the slow process of absorption by the sluggish Asiatics, meanwhile being quoted at a heavy discount and fluctuating as violently in its market price as gold does in our inconvertible greenbacks. Whether in the end it will rise again or continue to fall, is a problem which defies the science and statesmanship of the world. For the time being its path is downwards.

#### A CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE OUTRAGE.

IT has been said with truth that the Administrative Reform Association in England might have worked for ten years without producing half the effect on the popular mind which the late Charles Dickens produced in the same direction by flinging out the single phrase, "The Circumlocution Office." What Dickens meant at once to stigmatize and reform by that phrase was never more flagrantly exemplified than by the recent pathetic, tragical case of Rose Young in New York city. The harrowing details of this case have been fully made known to the public by the daily press, which cannot often do a nobler work than to ferret out, disclose and denounce the sins of official omission and commission whereof our American "Circumlocution Offices" are guilty.

This work has been thoroughly done in the present instance; and hard-hearted as may be the officials of high and low degree who must share the responsibility of criminal negligence, they are doubtless by this time aware that deep and universal indignation has been provoked by their misconduct. The "red tape" with which they fetter justice, hand and foot, has left an ineffaceable blood-like stain upon the pitiful story of Rose Young's fate. The body of this unfortunate wife and mother was left tied to Pier 15, East River, and tossing about in the water, for almost twenty-four hours. Meanwhile, the poor devoted husband, forbidden, under threats of arrest, from taking upon the dock his wife's remains, sought in vain for the requisite authority to obtain them. He was insolently driven from pillar to post by ignorant and brutal officials until on Thursday—his wife had been drowned on Monday—he succeeded in removing the corpse from the Morgue, where it had at length been carried, in rescuing it from danger of being sold to medical students, and in giving it decent burial. Tom Hood would have found a fit theme, for which his genius alone was adequate, in the vigil of James Young on Tuesday night over the floating corpse of his wife. Dickens himself could not, as a novelist, have invented a more aggravated refinement of cruelty than Coroner Croker is charged with having inflicted on Young by forcing him, under the painful circumstances, to serve as a juryman in the case of the child Charley Hartemann, who had been burned to death in a house in East Third Street, where the bereaved husband had gone to find the coroner. It is urged, as if in extenuation, that the coroner did not hear Young's sad tale until after the inquest on the child. But just here is one of the salient points which have excited public reprobation. We refer to the utter want of consideration betrayed on the part of the officials implicated for either the feelings or the rights of a citizen requiring their services. It cannot be too emphatically declared that public officers in the United States are, after all, notwithstanding the airs so many of them assume, from President Grant to Coroner Croker and Roundsman Curtin, the servants, and not



the masters, of the people. If Young, bewildered by grief, was abashed and silent in Croker's "august presence," it was Croker's business to learn what the poor fellow wanted, and speedily to do what he knew was his own duty in the premises.

But the coroner is not alone to blame in this deplorable affair, for while the responsibility is divided between three departments of the city government, the Police Department is primarily responsible. The *Herald* says, editorially: "Neither the Police Commissioners nor the Commissioners of Charities and Correction have shown a proper interest in the matter, and Superintendent Walling seems more anxious to shield his subordinates than to ascertain where the responsibility ought to rest." It is clearly the duty of the District-Attorney to induce the Grand Jury to use the power conferred upon it by law, and, summoning all persons supposed to know anything of the case, to indict the offenders, whether they be the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, the Superintendent of Outdoor Poor, the police officials, or one or more of the coroners. Let us hope that the action of the Grand Jury in the present case of atrocious official negligence may result in the speedy and condign punishment of the guilty. Thus only can all be convinced of the groundlessness of the dangerous and demoralizing, but too readily accountable, apprehensions which, James Young avows, have deterred him from seeking legal redress for his grievous wrongs. "I am afraid," declares that patient, law-abiding and shamefully injured citizen, "that I would find one law for the rich and another for the poor. A man in my station of life cannot look for even justice!" The sooner the inaccuracy of this is demonstrated the better for the whole community.

### THE MISSION TO ENGLAND.

AS yet, nothing definite has been done in the case of Mr. Richard H. Dana, the gentleman selected by President Grant and nominated by him to succeed General Schenck as United States Minister to the Court of St. James. We cannot help regarding this as a singularly unfortunate case. That it should have assumed its present form ought to be a source of regret to every true-hearted American. There are few more respected names in these United States than that of Richard H. Dana. He comes of a family which has been distinguished in public life for several generations; and whether regard be had to his legal acquirements or to his literary productions, Mr. Dana himself is not the least distinguished of his race. It is not a matter of wonder, therefore, that his nomination as Minister to London was heartily approved both in this country and in England. Ever since the publication of his "Two Years before the Mast," Mr. Dana was a popular favorite among the British people. No more fitting appointment could possibly have been made. It is to be regretted that the Senate listened to the trumpety charges made against him by the friends of Mr. Beach Lawrence and by such a man as Benjamin F. Butler. It is also to be regretted that Mr. Dana has taken the course he has in regard to the action of the Foreign Relations Committee. Falling back upon his "honor as a private gentleman," he has refused to go to Washington to defend his character. The Senate, on the other hand, falls back upon "its dignity as a co-ordinate branch of the Government"; and Mr. Dana is informed that if he does not see fit to obey the summons of its committee, he must not expect its recommendation or its consent to his nomination. As the case now stands, it seems as if the country is likely to be deprived of the services of one of the most available of its citizens. In a matter of so great importance, it is a pity that temper should be allowed to stand in the way of a satisfactory settlement. Mr. Dana is scarcely to be blamed for being indignant because of the obstacles flung in his way by envy and jealousy. He did not seek the position; and, perhaps, he is now wholly indifferent as to whether or not his appointment is confirmed. The people, however, are satisfied with Mr. Dana, and anxious for his appointment. It would be well if the Senate Committee were to take up the charges, even in the absence of Mr. Dana, and decide on the merits. We have no doubt that if such a course were followed all difficulty would disappear, and Mr. Dana would go to London.

### THE SPANISH TRIUMPH.

ON Monday, the 20th of March, King Alfonso and his victorious troops entered the Spanish capital, amid the enthusiasm of immense crowds, and shouts of "Long Live the Pacificator King." Madrid has not in many generations witnessed a grander spectacle. A spirit of generosity, not unnatural in the circumstances, seems to have taken possession of the whole people. Relief is to be provided for the wounded, and for the families of those killed in the war. The army is to be reduced by one hundred thousand men; and all orders for the conscription are to be withdrawn. It remains to be seen whether the Spanish Government and people will show magnanimity

in the hour of victory and triumph. The world waits to see what will be attempted in Cuba, and what treatment will be given to the now subdued rebel provinces of the North.

### GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 25, 1876.

Monday.....114½ @ 114½ Thursday.....114½ @ 114½  
Tuesday.....114½ @ 114½ Friday.....114½ @ 114½  
Wednesday.....114½ @ 114½ Saturday.....114½ @ 114½

### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

IN THE NAVY ESTIMATES of the British Government this year, a saving of £3,240 is recorded in consequence of the diminished cost of the two items of bread and butter.

SPRING EXHIBITION.—The Fifty-first annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design opened on the evening of March 27th, with a private view, which was largely attended by invited guests. The exhibition, which is larger than usual, will be open until May 31st.

THE HERZEGOVINIAN WAR.—The Turkish losses in Herzegovina during the insurrection have been not less than 35,000 men, a large proportion of the deaths resulting from maladies the gravity of which is increasing. The exhaustion of funds is such that no attention is paid to requisitions for the most essential articles—even for medicines. The sick die chiefly from a lack of proper sustenance and remedies.

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE on Military Affairs has agreed upon a bill to reorganize the army. It does not reduce the present effective force of the army, but reduces the number of infantry regiments from twenty-five to twenty, and the cavalry from ten to eight, thus lessening the number of infantry officers fifty-five, and of cavalry officers fifteen. It reduces the staff of all general officers, and requires the General of the Army to report reforms to Congress annually. The bill is approved by many of the best officers of the army. About two hundred officers will lose their positions under its terms.

THE JABIN EXPLOSION.—The investigation into the cause of the explosion at the Jabin pit, near Lyons, in France, which we recently illustrated, seems to show that the workmen were not to blame for any imprudence in the use of their lamps, but that the catastrophe was probably produced by the inflammable air escaping from the coal-beds by a great diminution of barometric pressure. This connection of explosions in mines with a diminution of barometric pressure has been frequently referred to recently in connection with explosions. The question has been asked whether it is not desirable to extend the system of storm warnings to coal-mining districts; if the miners could only be induced to attend to them, there seems no doubt that a great saving of life would be thus effected.

POLICE STATISTICS.—New York, with a population of about a million, has 2,560 policemen, who cost the city annually \$3,330,367; Philadelphia, with a population of 750,000, has a force of 1,292 men, and the annual cost is \$1,400,000; St. Louis, with a population of about 490,000, has a force of 467 men, costing annually \$461,886; Brooklyn, with a population of 483,000, has a force of 592 men, whose annual cost is \$787,776; Boston, whose population is about 342,000, maintains 700 men, at a yearly expense of \$815,000; New Orleans has a population of about 203,000, a force of 450 men, costing every year \$582,000; Cincinnati has 216,000 inhabitants, 331 policemen, and spends for their support annually \$325,000; Chicago's population is estimated at 300,000, and its police force of 591 men costs every year \$680,000.

FRENCH FINANCES.—The recent financial statement of the French Government shows plainly that the latter is determined to pursue the honest, prudent policy which has tended so much to revive the national credit. Estimating the revenue for 1877 at \$533,400,000, and the expenditure at \$1,000,000 less, it proposes neither to increase nor diminish taxation. It tells the French people frankly that there is no prospect of lighter taxes until 1879, when it is expected that the loan from the Bank of France (originally \$306,000,000) will have been repaid. It is probable that this scheme will be sustained by the new Legislature. Although the revenue required is about \$220,000,000 greater than our own, the French people do not complain, feeling assured that the money is being used for the national needs and not being diverted into the pockets of greedy officials.

AN ENTERTAINMENT given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association at their Hall, March 24th, was well attended, and was an undoubted success. The exercises comprised dramatic readings and recitations given by well-known amateurs and professionals of this city. Mrs. Randall-Diehl rendered the "Three Lovers" in a very acceptable manner, while Miss E. V. Proudfoot charmed her auditors with selections from "Evadne," and displayed marked dramatic ability in the recital of the Chase Scene from "London Assurance." Mr. George Hoey exhibited great declamatory ability, and invested a piece of his own composition, entitled "Down in the Mine," with a high degree of pathos. In response to numerous *encores*, he recited "Saved from the Wreck," "Barbara Freitche," and a humorous Anglo-Dutch dialect piece. The audience was highly pleased.

THE PATENT BUREAU.—There seems to be sound reason, even in an economical point of view, in the remonstrances of Mr. Duell, the Commissioner of Patents, against the proposed reduction of salaries in that bureau. It likewise appears to be only fair that the views of a department which is entirely self-sustaining should be fully considered before interfering with the details of its organization. Mr. Duell very justly urges that the work of his office requires special training; even with the present pay, it is not possible long to keep in Government employ many of those best fitted by talent and experience for the duty. The credit of the office and

the interest of inventors, whose money supports the office, and of manufacturers, whose capital to the extent of many millions is involved in patents, are imperiled by inefficient work; and the increased number of patents and the general progress of the arts render the proper examination of applicants each year more difficult. The erroneous issue of a single patent may easily involve the loss of ten times the amount of the yearly pay of an examiner.

THE FORGER WINSLOW.—It is rumored that Winslow the forger and *ci devant* clergyman may possibly be retained in England, and not extradited to Boston after all. The Act under which his transfer to American custody is demanded is known as the Extradition Treaty of 1842. The operation of this treaty, it seems, has been modified in Great Britain by the passage of an Act of Parliament in 1870, requiring a promise to be made in all extradition treaties to the effect that criminals shall not be tried for other than the specific offenses for which they are given up. The British Government now urges Congress to pass a law providing that Winslow shall not be tried for any other crime than that for which he now stands committed. This, however, is a matter for the State of Massachusetts to provide, and does not come at all within the jurisdiction of Congress. The Government accordingly declines to give any assurance regarding Winslow, and requests his unconditional extradition. The British Government has not absolutely refused to surrender him, but is understood to occupy a doubtful attitude in the matter.

ROYAL VISITORS.—The first royal visitors to the American Centennial Exposition, the Emperor Dom Pedro II. and the Empress Theresa of Brazil, are now on their way to this country. The Imperial couple sailed from Rio Janeiro on Sunday, March 26th, in an English steamer, and if the weather prove favorable they may be expected in New York about the 20th of April. They are almost without retinue, being accompanied by only three gentlemen and one lady of the Brazilian Court, and as their visit is purely for the purpose of enjoyment and recuperation, they intend, so far as practicable, to lay aside their royalty while in the United States. This, however, it will probably be a difficult task to carry into effect, as the popular interest which will attend the Emperor's travels in this country will be apt to disconcert any attempts on his part at concealment of his quality. Dom Pedro will make a tour of all the principal cities and places of interest in the United States, while the Empress, whose health is not very robust, will remain quietly in New York, or at some watering-place. They will occupy apartments while in this city at the Buckingham Hotel. Among the festivities to which their presence here will give rise will be a grand ball at the residence of Alexander T. Stewart, Esq., which, it is asserted, will be the most elegant entertainment ever yet given by a private citizen in this country.

POST-TRADER SCANDALS.—The revelations which have been made of the business of post-trader jobbery, since the Belknap collapse, would be astounding, were there not, unhappily, so many inequities of a similar character constantly coming to light in official circles. In respect to General Belknap's attitude in the Fort Sill matter, it is doubtful whether even the later testimony of Mr. Marsh furnishes sufficient additional material on which to base an impeachment. Mrs. Marsh's evidence also fell short of popular expectation. Its most essential feature was of a negative order, in refuting the sensational story which ascribed the revelation of the Fort Sill business to her resentment against Mrs. Belknap. New facts, however, are daily being brought to light in regard to selling post-traderships, with which it is extremely probable that General Belknap will be ascertained to have had an unlawful connection. General Heidrick, of Iowa, an intimate friend of General Belknap, has come to the surface abruptly as a wholesale operator in this field of enterprise. He obtained three simultaneous appointments for a firm of brothers named Leighton—in one of which Orvil Grant was likewise concerned—and another for a trader named Reynolds. The former netted to the enterprising Heidrick \$25,000 per annum, and from the latter he derived the enormous revenue of \$55,000 for two years. Orvil Grant's share in the "divvy" was \$300 per month. It seems scarcely probable, in view of the extent of these transactions, that the Secretary of War was ignorant of them.

ROBBING ROYALTY appears to be a method of achieving nefarious gain which will not be suffered to lapse into disuse so long as the wealth of nations is deposited in royal coffers to excite the cupidity of greedy adventurers. We read in the Bible how in the earliest Jewish days it was found necessary to appoint special keepers of the king's treasures, and profane history abounds in narratives of cunning schemes concocted for relieving monarchs of their surplus accumulations. After all, however, the divinity which hedges in a king seems to keep a tolerably close watch over his strong-box also, the plots generally failing and the conspirators coming to grief. In French history the notorious affair of the French Queen's necklace long remained a sealed mystery, but justice was appeased by the fate which befell all the actors in that strange conspiracy. The more recent robbery of the Russian crown jewels was quickly traced to the guilty party, who, doubtless, would have been knouted had it not been for the possibility that he might some day be needed to wear the imperial crown. The last demonstration of the kind is the lately discovered forgery, by the Milanese Marquis of Montegazza, of Victor Emmanuel's signature, to bills for \$40,000. The direct impulse in this case seems to have been the sudden accession of the ex-King of Sardinia to an annual income of \$2,000,000 bestowed upon him by his loving Roman subjects. The king had already made himself famous as a spendthrift, and when it became known that his income had been more than doubled, the noble forger doubtless imagined that in the lavish outflow of money that would ensue a little item of \$40,000 might escape observation. The Marquis was one of Victor Emmanuel's intimate counselors, and has transacted large negotiations for him with scathless reputation.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

#### Domestic.

THE heaviest snowstorms in the South that have fallen in many years.

SECRETARY BRISTOW demanded the resignation of William A. Darling, United States Appraiser at New York, for implication in the Third Avenue Savings Bank difficulties.

THE United States Supreme Court overruled the New York and California laws, restricting the landing of emigrants.

F. A. DOCKRAY, who recently escaped from imprisonment in Spain, arrested on a charge of embezzling while Collector of Customs at Jacksonville, Florida.

TRAINS on the Union Pacific Road icebound.

THE Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts overruled the exceptions in the case of Thomas Piper, convicted of the murder of Mabel H. Young in the belfry of the Warren Avenue church.

THE schooner *M. M. Weaver*, of Long Island, wrecked off Sandy Hook, and all on board lost.

DESTRUCTIVE fire in Charleston, S. C.; loss estimated at half a million of dollars.

EX-SENATOR STEWART appeared before the Senate Committee and emphatically contradicted the salient points of James E. Lyon's testimony respecting the Emma Mine business.

JOHN S. EVANS, the Fort Sill Postmaster, testified before the Clymer Committee that he did not know General Belknap had received any money from Marsh, and that he had but one interview with the War Secretary.

THE Bank of the State of New York continued its payments to depositors, but gave no indication as to whether it will resume business.

THE Republican Convention at Syracuse, after a stormy session, selected Senator Conkling, by a vote of 250 to 113, as their choice for Presidential candidate at the coming Cincinnati Convention.

CALEB P. MARSH testified before the House Judiciary Committee concerning General Belknap's connection with the Post-Tradership scandal. Mr. Pendleton also testified respecting War Department frauds.

SIX robbers plundered a Harlem jewelry store in broad daylight.

DEMOCRATIC State Convention at Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

A. K. DAVIS, Lieutenant-Governor of Mississippi, resigned after conviction on impeachment.

EARLY crops in South Carolina and Georgia destroyed by frost.

CHARLES RALSTON, the leader in the great bond forgeries of 1873, arrested in New York.

THE most violent rainstorm known in this region for many years raged on the 25th of March from 7 A.M. to 9 P.M., deluging the streets and low cellars in New York, and doing extensive damage as far east as Boston. In Maine and New Hampshire snow fell through the day. At Plymouth, in the latter State, the snow was five feet deep on a level, and all railroad communication was interrupted. A long list of disasters from the storm is reported from all sections of the country.

THE Fulton Bank of Brooklyn was robbed of \$26,000 in currency bills by B. F. Rogers, the receiving teller.

GENERAL REYNOLDS destroyed a hostile Sioux camp in Powder River Canon.

MRS. MARSH testified before the House War Committee, denying that Mrs. Belknap had admitted receiving a share of the Kentucky Central Railroad award. Mr. Marsh explained that he fled to Canada in order to protect himself only.

GOVERNOR TILDEN issued a message on the subject of the New York Canals.

#### Foreign.

MURDEROUS attack made upon Judge Puliza, of the Italian Consulate at Tunis, in which the intended assassin was killed.

THE South German States opposed the Imperial railway scheme.

SIGNOR DEPRETIS accepted the Presidency of the Italian Council and the Ministry of Finance.

THIRTEEN prefects superseded and retired on half-pay in France.

THE Bill giving Queen Victoria the title of "Empress of India" passed its third reading in the House of Commons.

A PROTEST received at Madrid from the Vatican against the article of the Spanish Constitution sanctioning religious toleration.

KING ALFONSO entered Madrid in triumph.

THE railroads and telegraphs in Scotland are blocked or prostrated by unusually heavy snows.

A TWELVE days' armistice concluded in Herzegovina.

THE Mikado of Japan by a recent decree granted to journalists the right of sending whatever communications they may desire from one part of the Empire to the other free of charge.

THE Servian negotiator recalled from Montenegro.

THE Carlist refugees in France expressed an intention of forming a foreign legion for service in Algeria.

GREAT destitution in Canada in vicinity of the Seven Islands.

COUNT VON ARNIM is charged with high treason by the Prussian High Court, and threatened with confiscation of his property.

THE Prince of Wales left Suez for Cairo, March 25th.

LIEUTENANT CAMERON, having completed his explorations across the continent of Africa, sailed for Liverpool.

THE Emperor and Empress of Brazil sailed for New York.

MEXICAN revolutionists captured Jalapa and a forced loan of \$300,000 was imposed at Matamoros.

A PANIC occurred in London in Egyptian securities in consequence of Mr. Disraeli's statement in the House of Commons that the Kaidie refused to publish the official report of his financial condition.

### OBITUARY.

MARCH 20th.—At Morely, Mo., General N. W. Watkins, half-brother of Henry Clay, aged 81 years.

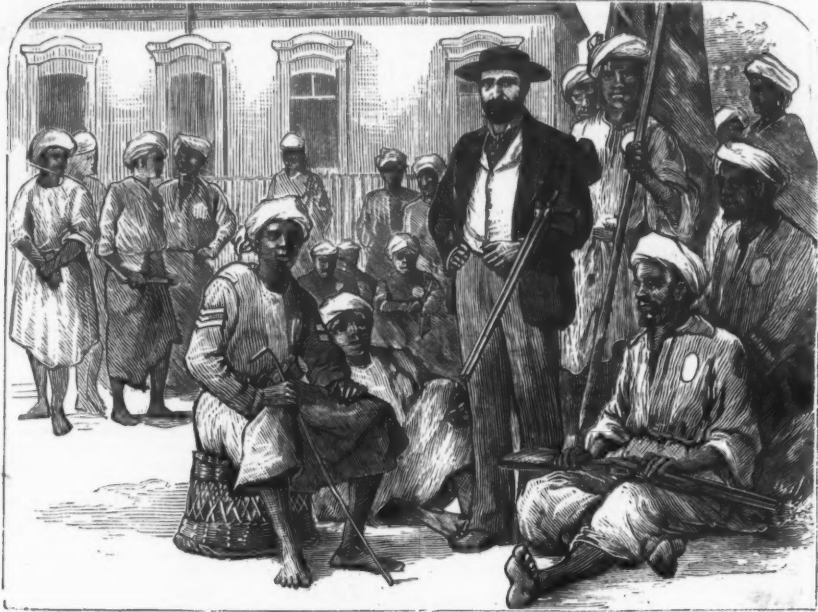
" 21st.—In Baltimore, Mrs. Henry M. Stribling, wife of Rear-Admiral Stribling.

" 22d.—In Columbia, Tenn., ex-United States Senator A. O. P. Nicholson, Chief Justice of the State of Tennessee.

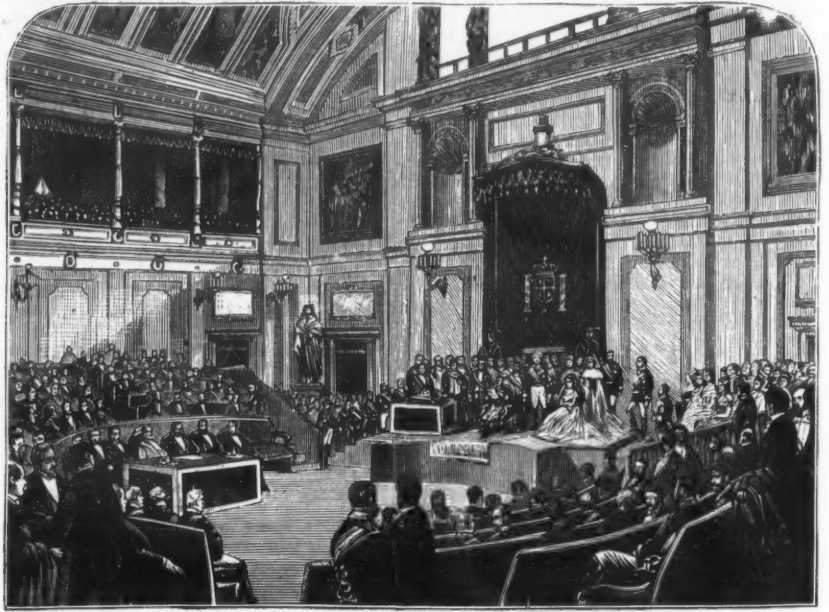
" 23d.—At Rome, Italy, Paul Dahlgreen, United States Consul-General to Italy, and a son of the late Rear-Admiral Dahlgreen.



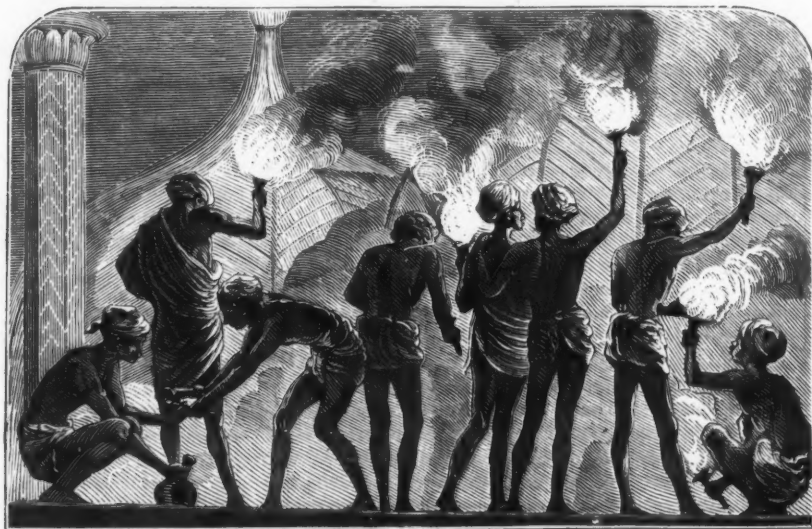
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 79.



AFRICA.—LIEUTENANT CAMERON AND SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS.



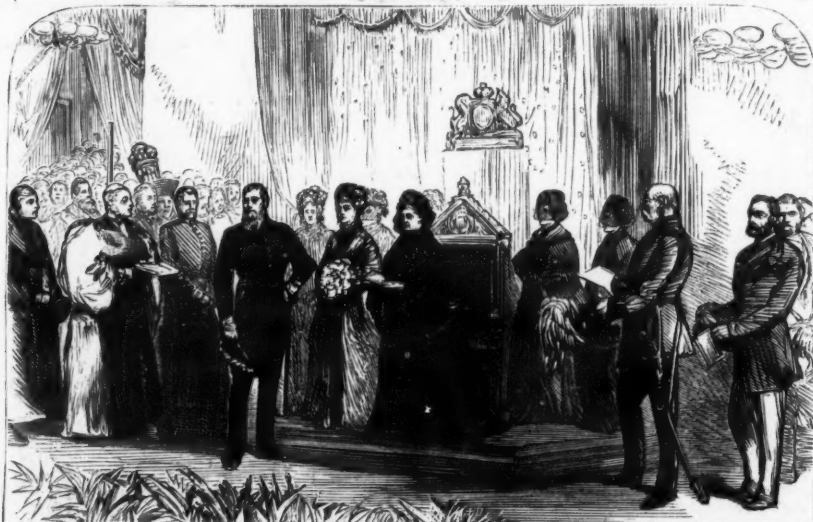
SPAIN.—OPENING OF THE CORTES AT MADRID, FEBRUARY 15TH—KING ALFONSO READING THE ROYAL MESSAGE.



ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA.—A CLASSIC PEDIMENT—COOLIES ILLUMINATING THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.



SPAIN.—OPENING OF THE CORTES AT MADRID, FEBRUARY 15TH—KING ALFONSO PROCEEDING IN STATE TO THE COUNCIL.



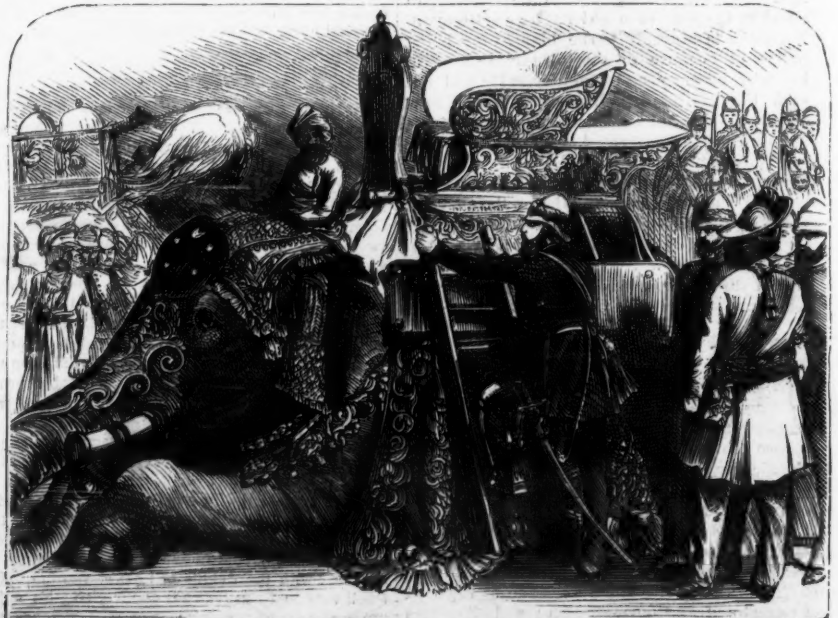
ENGLAND.—THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE EAST END OF LONDON—THE QUEEN DECLARING THE NEW WING OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL OPEN.



MALACCA.—BRITISH EXPEDITION AGAINST THE MALAYS OF PERAK—OFFICERS' QUARTERS, CAMPOUNG BOYAH.



ENGLAND.—INSTALLATION OF PRINCE LEOPOLD AS GRAND MASTER OF THE OXFORDSHIRE FREEMASONS IN THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE, OXFORD.



ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA.—THE PRINCE OF WALES MOUNTING HIS ELEPHANT AT THE OLD PALACE OF LUSHEER, GWALIOR.



## THE HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS.

THEIR INTERESTING NATURAL FEATURES—VIEW OF THE VILLAGE—THE CORN-HOLE.

CONTINUING our illustrations of the wonderful Hot Springs of Arkansas, we have engraved a general view of the village, together with the sketch of another famous spot, the Corn-Hole. This is simply one of the oldest Springs. The bottom is a kind of marsh or thick mud, and as the edges have never been trimmed nor systematically banked, the spot has all the appearance of a country frog-pond, excepting only the vapor that rises from the boiling water. It is used exclusively by people suffering with corns and bunions, or other excrescences on the feet. At all hours of the day the edge of the Spring is lined with men and women, who stand for half an hour each day, with their feet bared in the mud. In about a week's time the feet become as soft as those of a baby, and all the corns will disappear without the application of any surgical appliance.

## A Tiger Hunt.

IN the Spring of 1862 Captain White spent nearly a week in the destruction of a famous man-eater, which had completely closed several roads, and was supposed to have devoured over a hundred human beings. He occupied a large triangle of country in British India, between the Rivers Moran and Ganjal, stopping the work of the sleeper-contractors on the railway in course of construction in the Narbada Valley, and striking terror into a breadth of not less than thirty to forty miles. Having pitched his camp in this pleasant country, under a splendid mango-grove, the captain was laid up for some days by a sprained tendon, during which time sensational news was brought in of whole families of tigers waiting in the river-beds to be killed, and, at length, that the man-eater had struck down a man and a boy on the high road, about ten miles away. He now resorted to severe remedies, which, after a few more days, permitted him once more to resume his quest; but in the meantime numberless stories were told him of the fearful size and appearance of the man-eater, of its belly pendent to the ground, and the white moon it bore in the centre of its forehead—of the pork-butcher-like mode in which it would detain a party of travelers while it rolled in the sand, and at length, having inspected them all round, select the fattest—of his power of transforming himself into an innocent-looking woodcutter, and calling or whistling through the woods till an unsuspecting victim approached; and how the spirits of all his victims rode with him on his head, warning him of every danger, and guiding him to

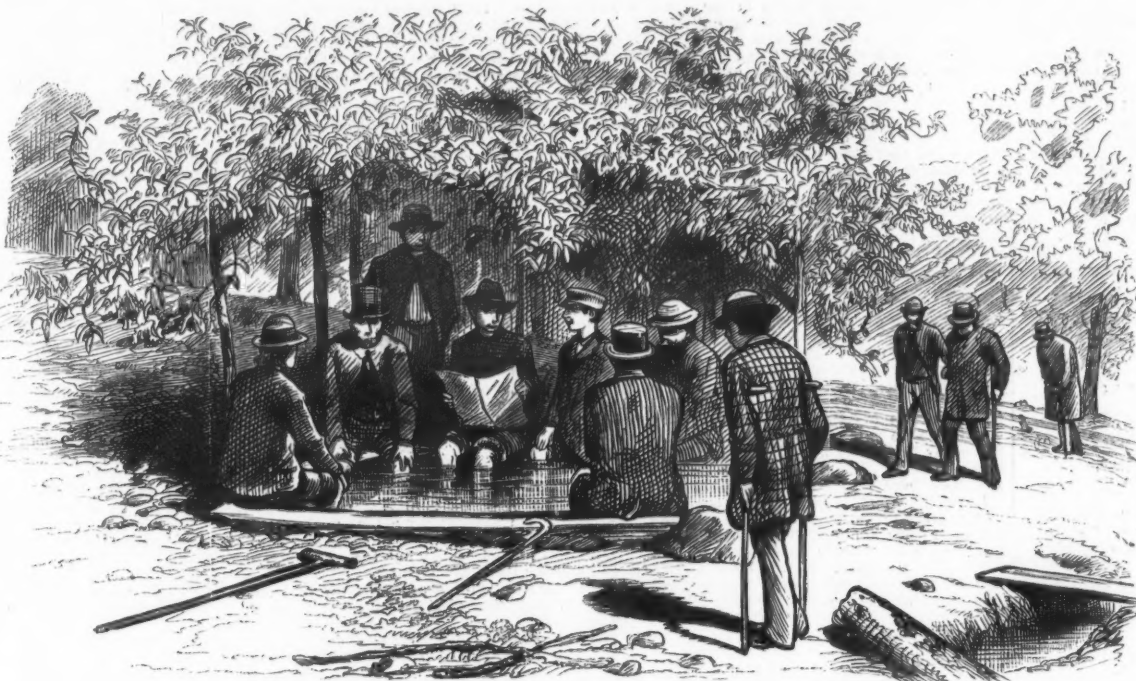
the suitable ambush by which a traveler would pass. It is worth while noticing the despairing terror of the people which such superstitious and imaginary details evince. No clearer proof could be laid before a Western reader of the paralyzing effect which a man-eater's ravages appear to produce, when no man's life is safe for a moment, and the whirr of every quail or peacock which springs up near him seems the bound of the fell animal which will strike him down. All the best shikarries of the country, together with the landowners and many of the ryots, besieged the camp daily. Many villages were utterly deserted; men lived in barricaded houses, and only left them when compelled by necessity, and then in large bodies, shouting and beating drums as they passed along the roads. This had gone on for a year, and the country was slowly being depopulated. Through this desert, then, the sportsman rode on his trained elephant, preceded and followed by baggage-elephants, and protected by a guard of police with muskets, and shikarries with their matchlocks. Traces of the brute were seen here and there, but no recent ones, while heaps of stones at intervals showed where a traveler had been struck down. At length he reached a spot where one of a party of pilgrims had been carried off the day before, and discovered the sad relics and blood-stained grass which yet told of the tragedy, and pointed out where the man-eater had dragged the corpse into a water-course in which its remains were left. It was of no use

waiting for the tiger to return to his horrid feast, as this one had learned caution, and never ventured back to its "kill." All the rest of that day, in extreme heat, the party beat the jungles of the Moran River, the trackers working in fear and trembling under the trunk of the sahib's elephant, and covered by his rifle at full cock. Returning to camp at night, one of the men spied the great square footprint of the creature for which they were searching. Early next day the captain carefully beat the neighboring water-course, but without avail. As he was sitting down to breakfast, however, some men brought in word that about a mile and a half from camp the tiger had that very morning taken away one of them out of the midst of their drove of bullocks as they were starting from their night's encampment. Instantly securing some food and a bottle of claret, the captain mounted the elephant and pursued. Soon he startled the monster from the lair where he was devouring the unfortunate victim, but the grass was so thick he could not obtain a shot. All that day, however, he held on after him, carefully tracking the footprints through a difficult country, and allowing him no rest. At night the captain slept in a tent he had ordered on to the other river, the Ganjal. Next morning the trail was renewed, until at length the tiger was fairly ringed in a dense cover of tamarisk and jaman, surrounded by the river. After a short rest this cover was beaten out, and the indefatigable captain obtained two shots, which told on the tiger.

Immediately the brute turned, and with loud roars charged him, being again dropped into a watercourse by a shot fired within twenty yards. Once more, but more slowly, he picked himself up, when the sportsman's elephant, being badly handled, spun round, and with a loud, worrying noise the tiger sprang on to its back, and began clawing its quarters. At length, the elephant stopping its frantic career for a moment, the captain turned round in the howdah, and, seizing the opportunity, put the muzzle of his rifle to the skull of the tiger and blew it into fifty pieces.

## How to Drive a Four-in-Hand.

THERE is no circumstance of greater importance, remarks Lord William Lennox, as tending to the pleasure and facility with which horses are driven, than that of putting them well together; this, of course, applies to a four-horse team. By this term the due regulation of the harness and the most appropriate place for each horse are implied. If properly attended to, it is wonderful the ease with which four horses may be driven, compared with the effort—in some cases risk—consequent upon an injudicious and unskillful disposition of the appointments. With regard to the team, a little extra power in the wheel-horses is desirable, inasmuch as they have a greater portion of labor to perform in holding back the vehicle downhill; while the high-couaged and free-goers will be most advantageously driven as leaders. Practice alone will render a man a proficient in driving four horses. To explain the proper mode of handling "the ribbons," except by actual example, is not an easy task; and the attempt to give hints from which the *sine qua non* of a good coachman—hands—are to be acquired, is still more difficult. A few general remarks may, however, not be out of place. The position of the hand and arm has much to do with appearance, and a vast deal more with the art of driving. The left hand should be carried nearly parallel with the elbow, covering about one-third of the body; in that position it is ready for the immediate aid of the right whenever the two are required, which in bearing to the right or left of the road, or in turning, is generally the case, as likewise in shortening the hold of the reins. The right hand should at all times be kept as free as possible, so as to be able to make a judicious use of the whip when required. A good mouth is essential to comfort and safety; it enables a horse to be guided simply by a turn of the wrist. Many a good mouth, however, has been spoiled by the heavy, dead pull of an inexperienced driver. The greatest care, then, should be taken not to irritate or suddenly check the animal, but, by a certain



ARKANSAS.—CORN-HOLE AT THE HOT SPRINGS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. F. KENNEDY, HOT SPRINGS.



ARKANSAS.—THE HOT SPRINGS IN THE OZARK MOUNTAINS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. F. KENNEDY, HOT SPRINGS.



yielding of the hands (the reins being divided in each), enable him to drop his head and play with the bit. The experienced driver may easily be recognized from the novice the moment he approaches the vehicle he is about to ascend. He invariably casts his scrutinizing eye over his horses, his harness, and his carriage, and, if the least thing be out of place, detects it in an instant; nay, more, he will assist in putting to the horses; and, if I required an illustration of what I have asserted, I should find it in the person of the Duke of Beaufort, who, at the sale of Sir Thomas Barrett Leonard's hunters, last October, before mounting the box, aided in putting the team together, and, when his Grace ascertained that all was right, started off in a manner that would have gratified the heart of Sir Henry Peyton had he been alive to witness it.

#### THE BIRTH OF SPRING.

**A**GAIN, again, the Spring is here  
With noiseless step and slow,  
She glides across the waking earth,  
And blesses all below.  
The blackbird sings her cradle-song  
With his deep note of joy,  
And all earth's songsters in her praise  
Their richest strains employ.  
The lark goes singing up to heaven,  
And showers his music down  
In floods of rapturous melody,  
Her name and fame to crown.  
The thrush, the linnet and the wren—  
The woods' assembled throng—  
All join her birth to celebrate,  
And welcome her with song.

#### MY LUCK IN A TUNNEL.

AN OLD MINER'S STORY.

**I**AM an old miner. Not one of the now-a-day Washoe and Nevada stripe, but an old forty-nine Californian miner. I have been engaged in all descriptions of mining transactions, except the newfangled one of mining-stock in companies—"feet" I believe they call it. Among my varied undertakings was one operation in a tunnel, in which I and my partners engaged in the Summer of 1852.

One afternoon in that year, as I was carrying up a bucket of water from the river to our tent at the top of the bank, my foot caught under a large stone, and my perpendicular was at once changed to a horizontal posture, while the water from the overturned bucket spread itself in various directions. With a few expletives of rather forcible character, quite customary and common in that region and period, I raised myself to my feet again, and picking up the bucket, was about to retrace my steps to the river, when my attention was attracted by a folded paper, which had been placed under the stone causing my fall. When my foot tripped, the stone was overturned, and the paper, folded in letter form, lay exposed to view. Bending over, I picked it up, and proceeded to examine it. It was written with pencil, in characters very irregular and stiffly formed, as if made by a person with a wounded hand. The contents were as follows:

"If this letter should fall into the hands of any person, I wish to inform them that I have been attacked and mortally wounded by my two partners, who wished to obtain my money. Failing to discover it, after wounding me, they have fled, leaving me here to die. Whoever gets this letter will find, buried in a ravine at the foot of a 'blazed' tree, twenty-five paces due north of this, a bag containing five thousand dollars in gold dust. That it may prove more fortunate property to him than it has to me, is the hope of—  
ANDREW FORREST."

I stood for some minutes after reading the letter like one awakened from a dream. I could not convince myself that the letter in my hand was a genuine document, and read it over and over again, thinking I might get some clue from the handwriting to the real author. It might be a trick got up by my partners to raise a laugh at my expense. No; the place where it was found, and the purely accidental discovery, rendered such a surmise very improbable. I sat down on a log, and turned the matter over and over in my mind for some time. At last I got up, and pacing off the required distance in the direction mentioned in the letter, I came to a large tree. Carefully examining it, I discovered a scar, clearly indicating that the tree had been "blazed" at some remote period. This was "confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ"; and I immediately went to work to discover the locality of the ravine. Here I was at fault. Nothing of the kind was to be seen. To all appearances a stream of water never had passed in the neighborhood of the tree. This was not encouraging; and I sat down on the ground and read the letter again, to see if I had not mistaken some of its directions. No; I was in the right place; but where was the ravine?

A tap on the shoulder aroused me from my meditations, and, on looking up, I saw my two partners, who loudly abused me for having neglected the preparations for their supper. As an excuse, I showed them the letter, and detailed the manner of finding it. To my surprise, they were as much excited by its perusal as I had been, and we all looked around perseveringly for the ravine, but without effect for some time. At last Jack Nesbitt, who had been a miner since '48, said:

"I think there has been a ravine here, but it has been filled up by the rains."

On close examination, we decided that his suspicion was correct, and after some consultation we determined that the next morning we would commence digging.

Morning came, and we repaired to the spot with pick and shovel. Jack proposed that we should follow the course of the ravine, which appeared to run into the body of the hill, rather than to dig down in any one place. The result was, that in a few days we had formed quite a cave in the side of the hill.

We worked at this tunnel for four days without finding the bag. On the fourth day, Jack proposed that he and my other partner, Bill Jennings, should carry the dirt down to the river, and wash it, leaving me to dig in the tunnel. In that way, they thought, we might at least "make grub," while searching for the hidden money. I thought the idea foolish, but as they had entered so eagerly into my views regarding the buried bag of dust, I made no objection to the plan, and dug away with redoubled energy. In fact, I had thought so much about the object of our search, that I had become utterly regardless of anything else. I had dreamt of it when sleeping, mused on it when waking, and it had obtained complete control of my mind. Day after day we worked—I digging, and my companions washing; yet, strange to say, I did not become discouraged. They said nothing about the bag of gold dust; and I asked them nothing about the result of their washing the excavated soil.

We had worked about three weeks, and had

formed a tunnel extending about fifteen feet into the hill, when, on one afternoon, completely tired out, I sat down to rest in the cave. I had only intended to sit a little while, but five minutes had not elapsed before I was fast asleep. I was awakened by a crash, and found my feet and legs completely covered by a mass of dirt and stones. The front part of the tunnel had fallen in, and I was in a manner buried alive. About ten feet of the tunnel remained firm, and from my observation of its structure prior to the accident, I was convinced that I had no reason to apprehend any danger in that quarter. My partners had carried dirt enough to the river to keep them busy there for the rest of the day; so I had nothing to hope from their assistance. The question that first presented itself to my mind was, How long can life be sustained in this confined state? I had read, a dozen times, statistics in relation to the amount of air consumed hourly by a human being's lungs, but, like almost everybody else, had merely wondered at the time, and then forgot the figures.

How much would I have given then to have been able to recall them! The next thought was, How can I proceed to extricate myself? This question was difficult of solution. If I went to work with a shovel and pick to clear away the dirt that had fallen, it was extremely likely that all which I could be able to remove would be immediately replaced by that which would fall from above. This was pleasant! I racked my brains to devise some means of liberating myself, but without effect.

Leaning against the wall in utter despondency, I was about to throw myself on the ground and await my fate, when I observed that quite a current of water on a small scale was making its way down the side of the cave. At first I was alarmed, as I thought it might loosen the earth above, and bring another mass down on my head. The next moment the thought struck me that it might be turned to my advantage. Why could I not so direct it that it would wash away sufficient earth in its progress to the outlet of the cave to make an opening large enough to allow me to crawl out through it? Even if it only succeeded in making an air-hole, it would enable me to exist till my partners could come to my rescue. Carefully examining the course of the water, I succeeded in finding the spot where it entered the cave, and to my great joy ascertained that I could easily direct it, by cutting a channel out of the side of my prison to the mass of earth that blocked up the entrance of the tunnel. The air at this time was quite hot and stifling, and I became aware that whatever was done must be done quickly, or I should perish for want of oxygen. After I had cut a channel for the water to flow towards the entrance, I enlarged the opening by which the stream entered the cave, and was delighted to observe that it flowed with redoubled force. Taking my shovel, I pushed it through the moistened earth, as far as I was able, and then awaited the further action of the water. In a few minutes I was enabled to push it still further, till at last it was out of my reach. Then placing my pick-handle against it, I pushed both, as far as I could. With what eagerness did I watch to see the first opening made by the water, and I was soon gratified by observing that it flowed in a steady stream in the direction in which I had pushed the pick and shovel.

In a few minutes I discovered a faint glimmering in the distance, which might be an opening or the effect of an excited imagination, I scarcely knew which. But the doubt soon resolved itself into certainty, and an opening some five inches in diameter speedily disclosed itself. Larger and larger the opening grew; lump upon lump was washed away by the stream until the channel became large enough for me to place my head in and holloa lustily for assistance. Just as I was drawing my head back, I caught sight of a buckskin bag. Hastily seizing it, I found it was the one we were in search of, and which, but for the accident, I would never have found. Wishing to surprise my companions, I concealed it, and redoubled my cries. In a few minutes they came running up the hill, and soon liberated me from my unpleasant position.

"Well, Ned," said Jack, as he shook me by the hand, "I'm glad to see you're safe, old fellow—the more so as Bill and I have been deceiving you a little. You know we have been trying all the Summer to get you into a tunneling operation, and you have only laughed at us."

"Yes," said I, wondering what would come next.

"Well, when you got that letter, Bill and I made up our minds that we would go into the job with you; not in the hope of finding any bag, but because we knew you would work twice as hard with such an inducement, intending, meanwhile, to wash the excavated dirt. This we have done; and, my boy, we have never made less than three hundred dollars any day since we commenced."

"Then you think that bag a humbug, do you?"

"Why, of course," said he.

"Well, I don't, and I intend to go on looking for it," said I.

"Now, what is the use of being foolish?" quoth Bill Jennings. "We have got as much dirt as we can wash for some time, and it pays. I can't see the use of continuing such a wild-goose chase as the hunt for that bag."

"Still I intend to follow it up," said I.

Bill and Jack conferred together a while, and then the former said:

"Well, Ned, we might as well tell you first as last. I wrote that letter in order to go into tunneling."

"And the 'blazed tree,'" said I; "how about that? The 'blaze' is certainly two years old."

Jack hesitated.

"Why, you see," said he, "we found that tree, and wrote the letter to suit it."

"Then what do you think of this?" I asked, showing him the bag I had found in the cave.

Jack was nonplussed. On opening the bag we found about three thousand dollars worth of gold. Jack would never confess, but always insisted that variance between the statement in the letter and the amount in the bag was proof enough that there was no connection between the two. I don't think so, however, and I believe that Jack's assertion of having written the letter was untrue. We could never ascertain anything about Mr. Forrest, so we divided the money among us.

#### "DANICHEFF,"

ALEXANDRE DUMAS' RUSSIAN COMEDY.

**T**HE "Danicheff," the long-expected and much-heralded Russian comedy, in whose production Alexander Dumas has a decided literary interest, was recently produced at the Odéon, in Paris. It was for some time in the hands of the censors—no one knew exactly why. It is a cleverly wholesome story, told with vigor, sparkle and earnestness. The scene is laid in an interior province of Russia, about 1861, a period at which the Emperor Alexander had not yet arrived at his determination to free the serfs. Vladimir Danicheff, the last of his

race, and a young man of great strength of character, is seized with love for a slave-girl in the house—Anna. The Countess Danicheff, who has always considered Anna with affection, exactly as she would any other household pet, is smitten with rage against her when she discovers that the pretty serf-girl has stolen her son's heart. She manages to make young Vladimir promise that he will leave home, and go to the neighboring city to remain for a year, during which time he shall pay court to the Princess Lydia Wlanoff, whom the mother has set her heart upon as her son's future spouse. Vladimir has no sooner unwillingly departed from the chateau, and from the Anna upon whom his soul is set more firmly than ever, than his mother summons before her a male slave—the serf Osep—who is coachman and general factotum in the family.

"Osep," says the countess, "you have loved Anna this many a long year."

"Yes, mistress," says Osep.

"Very well; take her. She is yours. You shall be married to-day; and when the nuptial knot is tied, I will make you free."

The countess hopes in this manner to place Anna for ever out of her son's reach. She calls the pope (or priest) of the neighborhood, and compels him to wed the pair. Then she sets them free, and goes quietly off to a tea-drinking in the neighborhood, convinced that she has managed to have her own way.

But it is not so. Osep, the freedman, has a lively remembrance of the kindnesses which young Count Vladimir lavished upon him when he was Osep the serf. He accordingly makes up his mind to pay the debt of gratitude by a great sacrifice. He has always loved Anna; but the count also loves her, and she loves the count. "Therefore," says Osep to Anna, "you are legally my bride, but really you shall never be anything but my sister. I will protect you until you can fly to Count Vladimir's arms." Enabled by this line of friendship, Osep awaits the return of Vladimir, who speedily hears of the marriage, and returns post-haste to his estate, armed with a knife and a knout. The knife is to kill Anna with, and the knout is for the scourging of Osep.

Vladimir arrives and summons Osep before him. The freedman obeys, as though he were still a serf. Vladimir reproaches him in the liveliest fashion with his ingratitude, and, not knowing that his mother has set Osep at liberty, is about to strike him with the knout. Here ensues a powerful and beautiful scene, which for many years has not had its equal on the comedy stage of Paris.

"Don't strike!" cries Osep. "You will repent it to your dying day."

"Fool and slave!" says the count. "Do you dare to threaten me after what you have done?"

When Osep explains how he has been the means of preserving Anna from being sent away, how he has protected her as a sister, only that he may have the pleasure of delivering her into Vladimir's hands, and how, although he (Osep) has been made free, he is still desirous of obeying the will of one who so lately, as a member of the family of the Danicheffs, had power over him, Vladimir is deeply touched. He accepts the sacrifice, but he fears that Osep will kill himself, and implores him not to do so. "No," says Osep; "I will do nothing which will sadden your future existence by a painful memory. But what shall we do! How can I rid Anna of her legal responsibility to me, in order that you may marry her?"

While they are consulting together, Vladimir's mother, the countess, discovers that she has been outwitted, and flies into a terrible rage. She insists that her son shall marry the princess whom she had arranged for him; but he refuses, in the very teeth of the princess. At last the countess's mother leaves her son to get the luckless Osep and Anna out of the scrape as best he can. He appeals to the Czar for a dispensation dissolving the marriage. But the rejected princess brings influence to bear which secures the refusal of the dispensation.

For some time there is a terrible muddle, until Osep suddenly remembers that if he will enter a convent and take holy orders, Anna, by Russian custom, will be divorced and free. He does this, and the late slave-girl becomes the Countess Vladimir. Osep obtains the authorization to enter the convent in a curious fashion, which throws a flood of light on Russian manners.

It seems that the Countess Vladimir is approached, shortly before she marries the two serfs, by a rich banker of the vicinity, who is anxious to carry a certain election. The countess is offered an immense sum of money if she will throw her influence and that of her friends on the banker's side. She receives the money, as a matter of course; but instead of giving it to any political agency, she devotes it to the building of a convent. This maddens the banker, who is glad when an opportunity for revenge is offered. He joins eagerly in Osep's scheme for thwarting the countess's plans, and it is he who, by the gift of something like two millions of roubles to the Government, to be distributed for pious purposes, succeeds in getting for Osep the authorization to enter a convent, and to leave Anna free. There is a pretty story of love, devotion, gratitude and sacrifice, without a single improper element or one wrong thought in it. In a night it secures greater applause on the Paris stage than any other piece has had this Winter. This certainly should be accepted as a proof that the Parisians like a moral theatre.

#### THE SYRACUSE CONVENTION.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICANS AND SENATOR CONKLING.

**T**HE first distinct note of preparation for the approaching Presidential campaign has been sounded by the State of New York. On the 22d of March the Republicans of New York held their State Convention at Syracuse for the nomination of delegates to the National Convention, which will declare that party's preference for a Presidential candidate, at Cincinnati, on the 14th of next June. The Syracuse Convention was not in all respects a harmonious assemblage. The friends of Senator Roscoe Conkling had been for some time preparing to cause that gentleman's name to be presented as the favorite for the Presidential candidacy on the part of New York Republicans, but a majority of that party in the State were earnestly opposed to the Convention committing itself to any such declaration. It was urged against Senator Conkling that he had been too consistent an adherent of the Grant administration to deserve the confidence of a party which claimed to be based on "high moral principles." Symptoms of this disaffection had manifested themselves very plainly for some time previous to the Syracuse Convention, in the utterances of the leading newspapers, and notably in the proceedings of the Union League Club of this city, which latter organization assumed a very outspoken attitude in opposition to the national office-holding element in political management. But Mr. Conkling was backed by the Custom-House influence and that of

the whole army of Federal officials; and, of course, controlled the organization of the Convention.

The Convention was called to order by A. B. Cornell, Chairman of the State Central Committee, and George G. Hoskins, of Wyoming County, was elected temporary chairman. During the preliminary steps towards the permanent organization the contest between the opposing factions began. Mr. Forster, of Westchester, moved that the rules of the State Senate be adopted for governing the Convention. Colonel Charles S. Spencer, of New York, moved as an amendment that the rules of the Assembly be adopted. The latter allowed the previous question to be put, and Colonel Spencer's amendment was vigorously opposed by the reform element, led by Mr. Curtis, of Richmond County, as indicating a disposition on the part of the Custom-House element to resort to "gag law" in order to choke off the discussion of disagreeable topics. The general sentiment of the Convention was with the reformers, but the Administration faction held the reins, and Colonel Spencer's amendment was carried by a vote of 253 to 120. At the afternoon session, George Dawson, of Albany, was elected permanent chairman, with a large list of vice-presidents and secretaries. The delegates to the Cincinnati Convention were announced. A set of resolutions was adopted applauding the Administration for its "thorough retrenchment and reform," its hostility to official dishonesty, and its general purity and efficiency. As a fitting corollary to this, Mr. Conkling was declared to be presented to the National Republican Convention as the meeting's choice for the nomination for President. An effort was made to relieve the Cincinnati delegates of New York from the burden of being pledged to any particular candidate, but the Conkling resolutions were adopted by 250 to 113, and Roscoe Conkling was accordingly declared to be the choice of the Republican State Convention of New York for the next President.

#### Meteors and "Shooting Stars."

**W**E have all doubtless, at some time or other, admired the graceful curve described on the serene sky of an autumnal night by one of those meteors that flash into existence for a moment and then are gone, and which are commonly known as "shooting stars." These bodies are in reality small fragments of matter—"mere comical dust," to use Humboldt's expression—coming to us from outer space and traveling at a planetary rate of speed—a velocity which has been variously estimated, but which would probably suffice to carry one of these bodies from London to Brighton (fifty miles) in three or four seconds. Of course this wonderfully high rate of speed, in comparison with which a cannon-ball, even at the commencement of its flight, can scarcely be said to crawl, is checked as soon as, yielding to the attraction of our earth, they enter the dense medium of our atmosphere. As the match is kindled by friction on the box, as the iron horse-shoe strikes fire from the stones of our streets, so, in this case as in every other, is arrested motion converted into heat, and into heat so intense that these bodies become incandescent, and are in most cases entirely burnt and dissipated before they reach the earth. Occasionally, indeed, one larger than the rest does fall to the ground; but so rarely is this the case that any possible danger arising from such a cause is scarcely to be deemed worthy of a moment's consideration. When we come to consider, however, that at certain seasons of the year many thousands of these bodies flash through some portion of the atmosphere every twenty-four hours, it will be seen that they would constitute no trifling source of danger; and the inhabitants of this lower world would be exposed to a bombardment from missiles, the smallest of which, on account of its prodigious impetus, would be dangerous, but that the air—the invisible ambient air, of whose existence we are scarcely sensible—shields us from their impact as effectually as a wall of steel. The air extends to a height that has been variously estimated, but which is probably about forty-five or fifty miles above the surface of the earth. At a greater altitude than this it must be a very rare medium, indeed, if it exists at all. Organic life may be considered to cease at a distance of about three miles above the sea-level. It is true the condor is sometimes beheld soaring above the Andes at a greater height than this, and aeronauts have accomplished still loftier flights; but it is very certain that life cannot be maintained at a much greater elevation than the one specified.

#### Food in Nervous Diseases.

**DR. JOHNSON**, the Professor of Medicine at King's College, England, in the course of a series of lectures now being published in the *Lancet* upon nervous disorders, recommends as an efficacious method of treatment a total change of diet without the aid of medicine. No doubt there may be much favor in this mode of cure when the disordered condition of the nerves springs from purely physical causes; but where overwork, mental strain, grief, religious despondency or *ennui* are concerned in the matter—where, in fact, the mind has acted on the body, not the body on the mind—there can be nothing like a total change of scenes and surroundings. The nervous excitement from which the speculator suffers may occur from very opposite causes in the office-clerk. Half the nervous disorders of middle-class women are due to the monotony of their lives. It is obvious that without a change in the manner of living, both of the speculator and the clerk, no good could come of a change of diet. In cases of disordered nerves, arising from grief, or a severe mental shock, the diet cure would be of but slight avail; and in the saddest of all forms of nervous disorders, religious despondency, it would be useless. Grief, anxiety and religious despondency are best treated by change of scene, and by a total separation of the patient from all former surroundings. Grief and anxiety wear themselves out in course of time, and as they lessen so does the nervous condition improve. Religious despondency, on the other hand, is far less hopeful. One thing, however, must be remarked—that the persons most subject to religious despondency are idle, with little or no occupation for mind or body. In these, good steady work would be of great service. Nervous disorders are of so many kinds, spring from so many causes, and possess such an infinity of complications, that to lay down a uniform system of cure would be out of the question; but in any case, change of scene and surroundings, and change of occupation, are, doubtless, far more valuable aids than medicine.

#### A Tin Bonanza.

**T**HE Temescal tin mines are situated twenty-four miles southeast of Pomona, in San Bernardino County, Cal., and are among the richest tin mines in the world. For ten years these mines have been but little worked, because of the almost endless litigation arising from a disputed title to so valuable a property. A wealthy Amsterdam Company, that has been and is now engaged in importing tin into the United States, to the extent of \$14,000,000 per year, has recently bonded the Tem-



escal tin mines from the various claimants to the amount of \$80,000, and on the 1st day of May, 1876, the money is to be paid, and the various titles will be passed to and vested in the Amsterdam Company. These are the only tin mines yet discovered in the United States, and are very rich, assaying as high as 18 per centum, while many mines in Europe are worked at a profit that yield but 4 per centum of metal.

### The Forests of the World.

THE forests of Europe are estimated as being 500,000,000 acres in extent, or about twenty per cent. the whole area of the Continent. In North America it is reckoned that 1,400,000,000 acres are covered with trees, of which area 900,000,000 are in British North America. In South America forests occupy 700,000,000 acres. The total amount for the two continents of the New World and Europe gives 3,600,000 geographical miles. The proportion of forest land to the whole area of Europe, as above stated, is computed at twenty per cent.; in America, twenty-one per cent. Supposing, therefore, twenty per cent. to be the proportion in Asia, Africa, and Australia, the grand total of the forests of the world cover a space of 7,734,000 geographical miles. The areas of State forests and woodlands are estimated at the following figures in the following European countries: Prussia, 6,200,000 acres; Bavaria, 3,294,000 acres; France, 2,700,000; Austria, 2,230,000; Hanover, 900,000 acres; Wurtemberg, 469,087; Saxony, 349,000; England, 112,376. The range in height of trees varies from the miniature alpine willow of a few inches in height to the stupendous Wellingtonian, which grows to a height of 350 feet, although, indeed, it is stated that one of the eucalypti often reaches a height of 420 feet in Victoria. In Scandinavia a tree called the sapin attains a height of 275 feet, and the umbrella pines of Italy 200 feet. The California big tree is said to girth 96 feet. The destruction of woods and forests, however, is very enormous, and in the majority of instances no attempts are being made for their reproduction. In South Africa, we are told, millions of acres are destroyed and made waste annually. In New Zealand the thirty per cent. of forest existing in 1830 had sunk to twenty-eight in 1868, and to eighteen in 1873, which rate of diminution, if continued, would result in the total destruction of the New Zealand forests by 1889. In America, in the United States, especially, the consumption of timber is enormous, and although public attention has been called to the matter, and the United States statute of March, 1875, imposes a fine of \$500, or a year's imprisonment, for wanton destruction of trees, and also a fine of \$200, or six months imprisonment, for allowing cattle to injure trees "on national grounds," the yearly consumption and improvident use of timber is almost incredible. Although there are no available statistics to show the exact rate of speed with which we are using up the wood supply, it is easy to see that it is being done with great rapidity. Taking the legitimate use of lumber alone, industries based on its manufacture constitute the second in point of magnitude in America, and are only exceeded by the iron interest. About 150,000 persons are stated to be employed in producing sawed lumber alone; \$143,500,000 are invested therein, and 1,255,000,000 feet of lumber are yearly manufactured. In the secondary industries based on the use of lumber as a raw material, carpentry, cabinet-making, ship-building, etc., millions of people are employed. According to Prof. Brewer's assertion, wood forms the fuel of two-thirds the population, and the partial fuel of nine-tenths of the remaining third; add this to the former estimate, and some general idea will be obtained of the enormous drain upon American forests that is constantly in progress. As a fact, it is well known that in 1871 as many as 10,000 acres of forest were stripped of their timber, to supply Chicago with fuel, and yet no attempt is made to reproduce.

### Literary Shoemakers.

ROBERT MORRISON, the mighty Chinese scholar, scarcely attained to the dignity of a shoemaker; he did not make leathern shoes, but wooden clogs in Newcastle. Going out as a missionary to China, he not only translated the whole Scriptures into the Chinese language, but his labors were immense in reducing the whole literature of China to method and symmetry; he was the pioneer to European intelligence in the knowledge of that most difficult of tongues, and did for it what Johnson did for the English language. He truly deserves the name of the Leviathan of the Chinese language. And it is very singular that while the London Missionary Society found in an humble shoemaker its agent for breaking open the hermetically-sealed lore of the Chinese Empire, the Baptist Missionary Society found in another shoemaker its agent for the performance of the same work in England's East Indian empire. William Carey came from the great metropolis of English shoemakers, Northamptonshire. It is said that he was not mightily expert at his craft, but a pair of shoes made by him is, or was, long preserved at the Baptist Mission House. He was one of an order of stupendous missionary scholars, became professor of Sanscrit and Bengales in the college at Fort William, in Calcutta, and he translated the New Testament into many of the languages of the East. But the gentle craft has given to us also Biblical scholars who have remained to do their work at home—none more wonderful than the poor deaf parish-boy of Plymouth, John Kitto. His life is a noble one, and he was a beautiful, affectionate, and most grateful soul. He toiled through a world of work. His "Pictorial Bible," "Encyclopedia of Biblical Literature," and especially his eight charming volumes of "Daily Bible Illustrations," in which learning and simplicity of style go on so pleasantly hand in hand together, are monuments of labor pursued under the pressure of circumstances which to most men would have been eminently hopeless.

### A Pygmy Graveyard in Tennessee.

AN ancient graveyard of vast proportions has been found in Coffee County. It is similar to those found in White County and other places in Middle Tennessee, but it is vastly more extensive, and shows that the race of pygmies who once inhabited this country were very numerous. The same peculiarities of position observed in the White County graves are found in these. The writer of the letter describing the burying-place says: "Some considerable excitement and curiosity took place a few days since near Hillsboro, Coffee County, on James Brown's farm. A man was plowing in a field which has been cultivated many years, and plowed up a man's skull and other bones. After making further examination, they found that there was about six acres in the graveyard. They were buried in a sitting or standing position. The bones show that they were a dwarf tribe of people, about three feet high. It is estimated that there were about 75,000 to 100,000 buried there."

### How Food is Preserved in Siberia.

A LETTER from Siberia says: Our dinner party in the evening—and it was really a dinner party—was extremely merry. Each one laid his stores under contribution. Some brought out frozen bread, others frozen caviare, others still, frozen preserves, others again sausages which could not be bent over if put against the knee and pulled with all the strength of both arms. Can you imagine, without laughing, the appearance presented of seven half-famished people sitting at table with thirty different dishes before them, and unable to touch one of them except at the risk of breaking their teeth? Nothing could be done except to wait patiently for the dishes to be thawed. Gradually, as each article of food softens, faces brighten, and when at last a

knife entered one of the dishes, there were shouts of triumph, which announced the beginning of the meal. At the close of the meal we had some excellent fruit, which had been kept frozen. Throughout Siberia, as soon as very cold weather sets in, all fruit is placed out of doors with a northern exposure, that the sun may never touch them. They are complete as just plucked from the tree. When placed on the table they are as hard as wood, and when they fall accidentally on the floor they make the same noise that a wooden ball would do. The heat of the dining-room gradually softens them, and they resume their original form. When eating some game one day, I, out of curiosity, asked how long it had been killed. I was told "over two months ago." When cold weather sets in, nearly every butcher kills all the meat he requires during the winter. Fish become so solid that in all the markets they are seen leaning against the walls on their tails, no matter what their length or weight may be.

### Results of a Week's Work in Birmingham.

A WEEK'S work in Birmingham comprises among its various results, the fabrication of 14,000,000 pens, 6,000 bedsteads, 7,000 guns, 300,000,000 cut nails, 100,000,000 buttons, 1,000 saddles, 4,000,000 copper or bronze coins, 20,000 pairs of spectacles, six tons of papier maché wares, over £30,000 of jewelry, 4,000 miles of iron and steel wire, ten tons of pins, five tons of hair-plugs and hooks and eyes, 130,000 gross of wood screws, 500 tons of nuts and screw bolts and spikes, 50 tons of wrought-iron hinges, 350 miles length of wax for vestas, 40 tons of refined metal, 40 tons of German silver, 1,000 dozen of fenders, 3,500 bellows, 800 tons of brass and copper wares.

### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

LIEUTENANT CAMERON, R.N., THE DISTINGUISHED AFRICAN TRAVELER.

Lieutenant Verney Loret Cameron was born July 1st, 1844, his father being the vicar of Shoreham, near Sevenoaks, Kent, England. He entered the Royal Navy in August, 1867, and was the first boy under fourteen years of age who passed the examination for naval cadet. In November, 1863, he passed an examination in gunnery to qualify himself for the rank of lieutenant, and, as in previous contests, he stood first in his class. As first lieutenant of the gunboat *Star* he was employed at surveying, buoying and erecting light-houses along the Red Sea, and in 1868 received the thanks of the Government for his services. It was while under his command that the *Star* went to the relief of the United States Corvette *Sacramento*, wrecked off the mouth of the Godavary, for which the thanks of the British Admiralty, Commodore Hillyer and the American Government were formally expressed to him. While boat-cruising on the east coast of Africa, he became so conversant with the horrors of the slave traffic that he yearned for an opportunity for special service in that locality. When the Livingstone Search and Relief Expedition was fitted out he was given the leadership, and how well he has carried out his instructions is attested by his very lucid reports and their hearty reception by the Admiralty and the Royal Geographical Society. At the third meeting of the session of 1875-76 of the Society, held January 15th, Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson made a flattering address upon the intelligence then just received that Lieutenant Cameron had accomplished the wonderful journey across the entire breadth of the African Continent. The work begun under the auspices of the Government, with the Livingstone Relief Expedition, had been carried on since the death of the great explorer, with the permission of the Admiralty, at the expense of the Geographical Society. In making the transit, Lieutenant Cameron traversed 1,200 miles of entirely new country, reported 400 lunar observations, made an immense quantity of maps and surveys, discovered an outlet of Lake Tanganyika flowing to the great Lunaba of Livingstone, and, in the words of Sir Henry Rawlinson, "accomplished what I before stated to be a sound geographical basis for the future exploration of Africa." While England is justly proud of the labors of this young officer, the whole scientific world claims him as a courageous, competent and most valuable servant.

### OPENING OF THE SPANISH CORTES IN MADRID, FEBRUARY 15th—KING ALFONSO PRESIDES IN PERSON AMID GREAT ENTHUSIASM.

The opening of the Spanish Cortes on the 15th of February, which we illustrate this week, was an event of especial significance in Spanish history. It was the first occasion of the kind since the accession of Alfonso XII., and its occurrence was invested with unusually hopeful auspices by the fact that only the day previous official tidings had been received at the capital of the utter defeat of the Carlists, by General Quesada, commander of the Royal forces. Madrid was alive with excitement on the opening day, and all business was suspended in order to give the exultant citizens full vent for expressing their satisfaction. Early in the afternoon a military guard was posted along the thoroughfares extending from the Royal residence to the Council Chamber. About two o'clock King Alfonso, accompanied by the Queen, entered the elegant equipage which had been prepared specially for the occasion, and at the head of a long procession of soldiers, civil officials, and members of the diplomatic corps, proceeded to the Chamber. The whole route was decorated with flags. On his arrival, Alfonso took his place on the throne, with the Queen at his left hand. On his right, resting on an elegantly decorated golden casket, was the crown. The King read his address in person, and was frequently interrupted with cheers. He referred to the overthrow of the insurgents under Don Carlos, and the effect of the war upon the national finances. The Cuban war, he stated, had not prevented the emancipation of seventy-six thousand slaves, an announcement which was received with great enthusiasm by his auditors. The insurrection in that island, he declared, was daily becoming more feeble. The speech of the King pleased everybody, the reading of each paragraph being applauded by the senators, deputies, and the crowd of spectators, with shouts of "Viva el Rey!"—Long live the King. All the representatives of the diplomatic corps at Madrid were present, and a large number of ladies also. The magnificent display at the Royal residence is said to have excelled anything ever witnessed there in modern times.

### RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT LUSHKUR.

THE city of Lushkur—which means "the camp"—lies about sixty-five miles south of Agra. In its vicinity stands the Scinde Gibraltar of Gwalior, a fortress a mile and a half in length, from which the appellation of the district is derived. The old Bazaar of Lushkur is one of the most curious to be seen in the East, and from it a magnificent avenue leads to the city. The new palace, whose construction was hastened for the Prince of Wales's benefit, is very graceful in design. It is in some respects like that of the Tuilleries, but on a plan which, in its regard for elegance, quietude, and comfort, only Orientals know aught of, and even they only where lavish expenditure is possible. It does not impress one with grandeur, as the Vatican does, but it is most chastely luxurious in its arrangements, and its indoor fountains and flower-gardens are a marvel of beauty and good taste. There is a story that Scindia's accumulation of money led at one time to remonstrance from the British Government; that he was enjoined to spend it on his territory; and he met the injunction by first stating that he had no object on which money could be expended, and secondly by giving an order for this palace. Upon his arrival at Gwalior, January 31st, the Prince drove in his carriage, accompanied by a guard of the 10th Hussars, to the old palace at Lushkur, and

there mounted a very richly-decorated elephant. The Maharajah Scindia followed, and mounted the same animal, sitting on the Prince's left; General Sir Richard Daly, Political Agent for Central India, took the seat behind, so as to be able to interpret between the Royal personages. The howdah was gilt, and covered with arabesque ornament. Colonel Hutchison, Political Agent for Gwalior, and Major Hannerman, of the political department, were also in attendance. Scindia, who, stands with his back to the looker-on, wore the sash of the Star of India. The 10th Hussars are shown in a line behind.

### COOLIES ILLUMINATING THE TAJ MAHAL, AT AGRA, INDIA.

Last week we illustrated the Prince's entry into Agra, and now give a sketch of the illumination of the renowned Taj Mahal—the magnificent mausoleum erected by Shah Jehan for his beloved consort Noor Mahal, and where he himself was afterwards laid. The Taj stands in a handsome garden, the centre dome of pure white marble swelling out to considerably more than half a sphere, and tapering into a spire surmounted by a golden crescent. There are four smaller domes—which, like the whole of the building, are inlaid with ornamental designs and texts from the Koran in differently colored marbles and precious stones. The interior is an immense domed octagonal hall, similarly inlaid, and in the centre, surrounded by a screen of perforated marble, are the sarcophagi of Shah Jehan and his consort—pure white marble covered with Jasper, carnelian, and numerous other gems. Some idea of the workmanship in the Taj may be gathered from the fact that the building occupied 20,000 men for twenty years, and that although the labor was forced, the cost exceeded £2,000,000. The Taj by moonlight is said to be one of the most beautiful sights in the world, but there being no moon during the Prince's stay the authorities determined to illuminate the dome with blue lights, held by coolies, placed on a roof a hundred yards distant. The effect is not said to have been very striking, the lights not being sufficiently strong, although the exquisite tracery was rendered fairly visible.

### QUEEN VICTORIA DECLARING THE NEW WING OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL OPEN.

On the 7th of March, the east end of the city of London wore its holiday dress, in honor of the visit of Queen Victoria to Whitechapel, in order to open the new wing of the London Hospital. During the past few years the Queen's progresses through London have been rare. Great preparations were made for this recent event along the route; the buildings being draped with vari-colored bunting, interspersed with mottoes of welcome and loyal sentiment. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by the Duchess of Wellington, Mistress of the Robes, and Lady Waterpark, rode in an open carriage, preceded by carriages containing officials of the Royal household, and attended by a large military escort. The sidewalks and prominent positions along the route of the procession were crowded with spectators. On arriving at the London Hospital, the party was received by the Duke of Cambridge, president of the hospital, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and other dignitaries. In the pavilion a chair of state had been erected for the Queen on a platform. After the preliminary exercises had been concluded, Mr. Secretary Cross declared the building to be open, stating that he made the announcement by Her Majesty's gracious command. The Archbishop of Canterbury thereupon pronounced the blessing, and the short but impressive ceremony was brought to a close. Cheers were then given for Her Majesty, who stepped from the dais to the platform and bowed her acknowledgments. The Royal procession was greeted with great enthusiasm along the entire route back to Buckingham Palace. The London Hospital was instituted in 1740, and is intended for the reception and relief of sick and wounded seamen, manufacturers, laborers, women and children. Its ordinary capacity, including the accommodations of the new wing, is for eight hundred patients. The new wing has cost £30,000, and the expenses were borne by the Grocers' Company.

### MALACCA—CAMP QUARTERS OF BRITISH OFFICERS. CAMPONG BOYAH, NEAR THE PERAK RIVER.

The British Government has been pushing with great energy its joint military and naval expedition up the Perak River in the Malay Peninsula, whose object is the punishment of the murderers of Mr. Birch, the British Resident among the Malay tribes. The Maharajah Lela, the Chieftain at Passir Sala who was responsible for the crime, and probably its instigator, has been driven into unknown exile, and the town of Kinta, the capital of the whole territory, was captured by the British forces under Major-General Colborne about the close of last year. Our cut represents the British camp, and officers' quarters, at Campong Boyah, on the line of route across country from Laroot to the Perak River, at Qualla Kangas.

### INSTALLATION OF PRINCE LEOPOLD AS PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER OF OXFORDSHIRE.

The ceremony of installing Prince Leopold as Provincial Grand Master of the Oxfordshire Freemasons took place in the Oxford Theatre, March 1, and attracted a great number of Masons from all parts of England. The doors were thrown open at noon, and for an hour and a half there was an almost constant stream of visitors clad in the gorgeous regalia of their various offices. At two o'clock the procession entered, and the Grand Registrar, having formally opened the Provincial Grand Lodge, at once resigned his seat to Lord Skelmersdale, Deputy Grand Master of England, who was to perform the ceremony. The Director of the Ceremonies announced that Prince Leopold was without the door of the lodge and sought installation, whereupon his patent of appointment was demanded and read by the Registrar, and a deputation was instructed to bring in the Prince. They soon returned with his Royal Highness, who had scarcely taken his seat beside Lord Skelmersdale when the terrible discovery was made that the lodge had not been "close tiled," for the prying eyes of half-a-dozen policemen were seen peering through a grating. They were promptly ordered out. Prince Leopold was placed in the chair and saluted in the ancient form. Lord Skelmersdale congratulated him, and the Prince bowed his thanks; whereupon the Deputy Grand Master resigned his jewel of office into the hands of the Grand Master, who immediately returned it. A flourish of trumpets and proclamation of Deputy Grand Masters completed the ceremony. A message from the Freemasons of Italy was read, congratulating the Prince on his accession to his new office.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES

FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 25, 1876.

HANS VON BULOW closed the first week of his piano recitals with a brilliant Beethoven matinee, Saturday, March 25th. On the following Monday a Chopin soirée was given. . . . The French troupe of comedians gave three farewell performances at the Academy of Music last week. . . . Offenbach will be in New York speedily, under the management of Maurice Grau. . . . The Park Theatre has reduced balcony prices. "Brass" has achieved its sixth week. . . . Owing to the illness of Miss Kate Claxton, "Ferret" was not produced at the Union Square until Tuesday, March 21st. The play is very intense, and is destined for a long run. . . . There is no change foreshadowed at the Fifth Avenue Theatre—"Pique" every night. . . . On Monday, March 27th, Mr. Wallace gave "Captain of the Watch" and "Woodcock's Little Game. . . . The Eagle Theatre has produced a serio-comic London sensation, entitled "Sentenced to Death."

### CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—THE letter-boxes will bear inscriptions in six languages.  
—NEARLY 100 American publishing-houses will be represented.  
—ILLINOIS contributes about two tons of geological specimens.  
—A TITANIC steam-engine, weighing over 700 tons, is being placed in position. It was built in Providence, R. I.  
—GENERAL GOSNORN is organizing a Centennial police force, on a military plan. Barracks are to be erected for 1,000 men.  
—THE time for the reception of exhibits in the Shoe and Leather Building has been extended from the 10th to the 19th of April.  
—BARBERS for gentlemen and hair-dressers for ladies will abound at the Exposition, and will probably represent a diversity of nationalities.  
—MR. WILLIAM L. STONE, of New York city, has been appointed by the United States Centennial Commission "Centennial Historian for New York State."  
—SUGGESTIONS are in order now how the press of the country is to be accommodated with admission tickets without imposing too great a burden on the Commissioners' liberality.  
—JUDGING from the large number of subscribers to the fund for the erection on the Exhibition grounds of a building intended to serve as headquarters for the bank officers and bankers who are subscribers, the project will prove successful.  
—THEODORE THOMAS will locate his orchestra on the elevated plaza between the entrance to Memorial Hall and the two colossal bronze horses. Seats will be erected there under a canvas covering. Space for the regular Exposition band has not yet been allotted.  
—DURING the six months of the Exhibition, working bees and apiarian apparatus will be on exhibition, and honey and wax as well. To afford additional opportunities to bee-keepers it has been decided to have two special displays of honey and wax—June 7th to 15th, and October 25th to November 1st.

—AMONG the exhibits of His Holiness, the Pope, at the Centennial, will be one mosaic of the Madonna, after Raffaele, another after Sassoferrata, and two vases of flowers in mosaic, all made in the Vatican workshops; also, a piece of tapestry representing St. Agnes, virgin and martyr, by Signor Centili.

—THE science of Pomology is to be represented at the Centennial on an extensive scale, and a Bill has been introduced in the House asking for an appropriation of \$2,500 for defraying the expenses of the several countries in presenting their productions of pomology and paying Commissioners to attend to placing and taking charge of them.

—MR. W. DE MORGAN, of London, England, whose pottery has caught so wonderfully the old Gable lustre, is sending a number of specimens of his work to the Exhibition. They consist of jars, plates and tiles, ornamented by artistic designs, and each possessing either the gold, red, or silver lustre for which these potteries are so justly remarkable.

—THE Art Exhibition is being energetically pushed to completion. The New York State Centennial Board and the Art Committee have already secured over two hundred choice paintings, at the office, No. 625 Broadway, and in the course of another week expect to have in the neighborhood of five hundred. Our leading citizens are lending their assistance by generous loans of their choicest pictures.

—ITALY will be represented by 926 exhibitors, of which 155 represent the fine arts. Of the total number, 146 are from Florence, 125 from Turin, 118 from Milan, 82 from Rome, 51 from Palermo, 44 from Bologna, 34 from Catane, 27 from Naples, 19 from Messina, 16 from Sienne, 13 from Syracuse, 13 from Salerno, 12 from Modino, 10 from Livourne, 9 from Genoa, 8 from Venice, 6 from Plaisance.

—ONE of the features of the Agricultural display at the Centennial Exposition, will be the exhibition of a new species of grain known as the "Mainstay" Wheat, which it is claimed possesses a number of very valuable qualities. Captain William Delf, of Great Bentley, England, the exhibitor, whose advertisement will be found in another column, has carefully cultivated the "Mainstay" Wheat since 1869, and claims for it, in addition to its superior richness in nutritious substances, a degree of strength and hardiness which in sections where it has been raised has earned for it a preference over other brands. It is said to be especially adapted to the soil and climate of the United States, as the habit of the plant and the great stiffness of its straw enable it to withstand storms and sudden changes of temperature, besides rendering it firm and upright to the cut of the reaping-machine. The "Mainstay" has been cultivated with great success in Hungary, Austria, Poland, Prussia, France and Belgium, but has not, we believe, been experimented upon as yet in America.

### CONGRESSIONAL.

#### FORTY-FOURTH CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

MONDAY, March 20th.—SENATE.—The appropriation of \$100,000 to feed the Sioux Indians was changed to \$150,000. . . . The Bill for changing the system of counting votes for President and Vice-President was discussed. HOUSE.—Bills were introduced to utilize the gold and silver product, to regulate commerce, to regulate the currency, to limit the Signal Service, and to reduce the tax on tobacco. . . . An ineffectual effort was made to suspend the rules and pass the Resumption Repeal Bill. . . . Resolution adopted calling upon the Secretary of State for Report of Special Commissioners at Vienna Exposition.

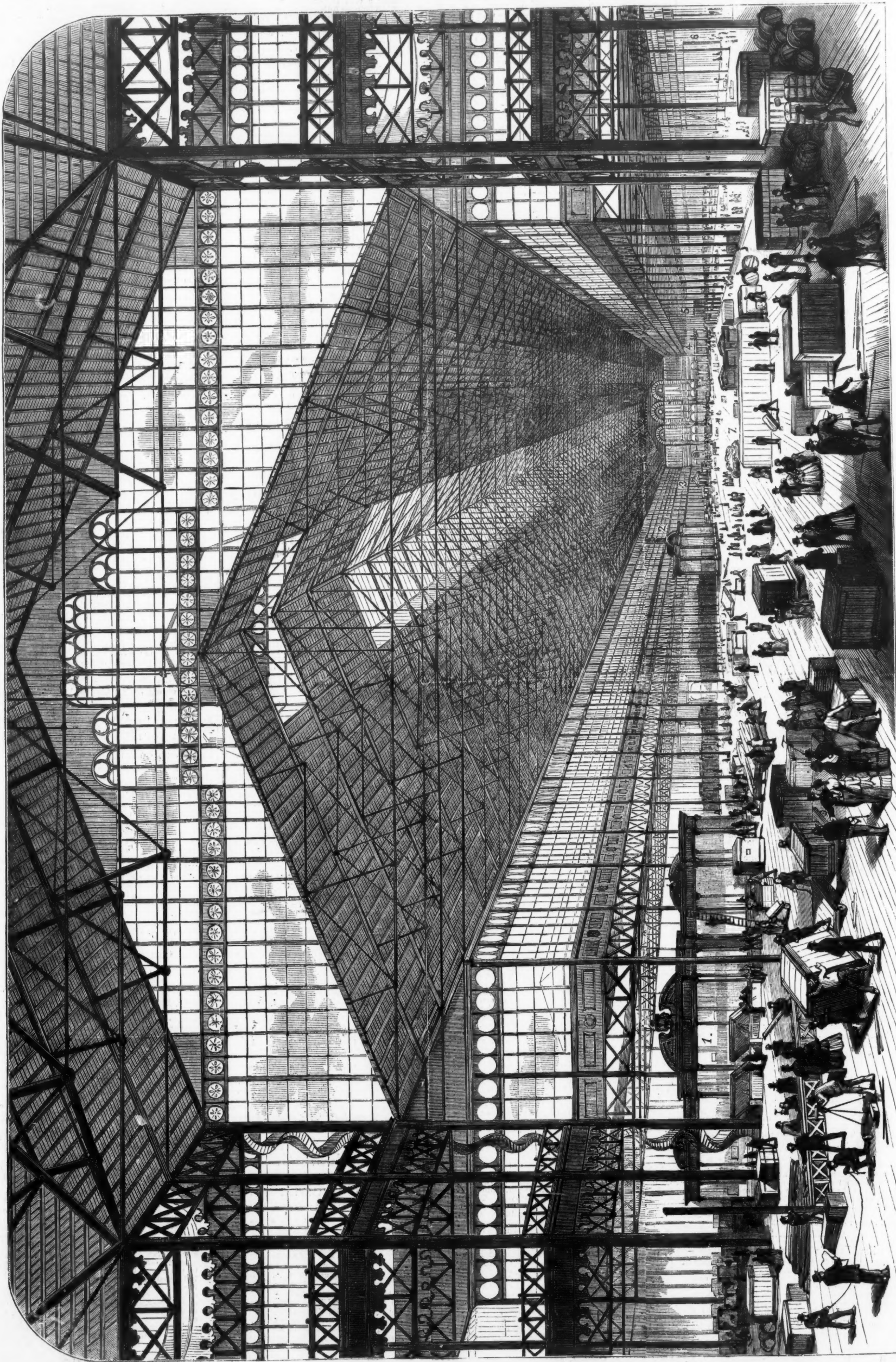
TUESDAY, March 21st.—SENATE.—A temperance petition presented praying for the prohibition of the use of ardent spirits by Government officers. . . . The Electoral Vote Bill discussed until adjournment. HOUSE.—Bill reported making it a misdemeanor to assess public officers for election funds. . . . Legislative and Judicial Appropriation Bill discussed.

WEDNESDAY, March 22d.—SENATE.—Discussion of the Electoral Vote Bill continued. HOUSE.—Bill making it a misdemeanor for public officers to be assessed for campaign purposes passed by a vote of 173 to 8.

THURSDAY, March 23d.—SENATE.—Session occupied throughout in discussing the Electoral Vote Bill. HOUSE.—Three Bills relating to pay of Army discussed, without action. . . . Bill excluding ex-confederates from army appointments was repealed.

FRIDAY, March 24th.—SENATE.—The House Bill in relation to official election assessments was referred to the Electoral Committee. . . . The Electoral Vote Bill passed by a party vote of 32 to 26, and a motion recorded for a reconsideration. The Bill passed differs mainly from the present law, in that it requires that no vote shall be rejected except by the affirmative vote of the two Houses, whereas at present, the electoral vote of any State must be rejected upon either House sustaining an objection. . . . Adjourned to March 27th. HOUSE.—The Legislative, Executive and Judicial Bill considered in Committee of the Whole. The subject of reducing the salaries of Congressmen was discussed at length. An amendment to fix the amount at \$2,700 rejected. Pending the discussion the House adjourned to March 27th.





PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—INTERIOR OF THE MAIN BUILDING, FROM THE CENTRE, SHOWING THE VARIOUS NATIONAL PAVILIONS AND SHOW-CASES CONSTRUCTED AND IN PROGRESS OF ERECTION.—SEE PAGE 85.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—FOREIGN VISITORS TO THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—OFFICERS OF THE SPANISH ENGINEER CORPS PROMENADING CHESTNUT STREET, IN FRONT OF THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL.—SEE PAGE 80.





## THE WORTH.

SHE has such a sweet face,  
And her voice is so full of mirth,  
And her step is so full of grace,  
And her heart so full of worth.  
There is in the sweetness a spell,  
And the mirth is the bloom of jest,  
And language the grace cannot tell,  
But the worth is worth the rest.

They say that the years will pale  
The sweetness that shines in her face,  
And that shadows the mirth will veil,  
And the footsteps lose its grace;  
But the spirit, through day and year,  
Will change not, whatever be the test,  
And live, when it passes from here,  
The worth that is worth the rest.

## Cary of Hunsdon.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A MAN OF '76.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

## PART VI.

## CHAPTER I.—I MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A TERRIBLE CELEBRITY.

THERE are certain spots which seem to connect themselves in some curious manner with our lives, drawing us, as it were, towards them, and associating themselves in our memory with scenes after scenes of the past. The "Slate-roof House" in Philadelphia, just mentioned as the scene of General Lee's death, was one of these localities to me. Here I had resided during my stay in the city; and now, a few months after the events I have just narrated, I returned to the house and made the personal acquaintance there of a man of famous, or, rather, infamous, memory—the evil genius of the laughing young officer who had proved so true a friend to me while I was a prisoner on parole there.

It will be seen that I also met a personage who occupies a singular place in this narrative. And of my chance interviews with these human beings I now proceed to give a brief account.

I was sent by Colonel Henry Lee, under whom I served now in the Legion, to carry a dispatch to General Benedict Arnold, Military Governor of Philadelphia, and was informed, on entering the city, that his place of residence was the Slate-roof House, whither I repaired. The sight of the old building aroused a hundred memories of days and nights with André, during the British occupation; and every spot in the neighborhood was familiar. The mansion had, however, undergone a great change. It had been refitted, painted freshly, and in front of the doorway, in the centre of the curtain-like middle building between the two projecting wings, resembling bastions, stood a superb coach-and-four, with a driver and footman in rich livery. When I knocked, the door was opened by a gorgeously-clad lackey, who gazed at me with a mixture of supercilious indifference and condescension; and this splendid official, having concluded, apparently after some hesitation, that I was worthy of admission, ushered me into the familiar old apartment on the ground-floor, which was filled with magnificent furniture, all-silk velvet and mahogany, while the walls were nearly covered with pictures in heavily gilt frames.

Everything about the once bare and plain old Slate-roof House had thus undergone a complete metamorphosis—I scarcely recognized it. It had been an ordinary lodging-house. It was very plainly now the abode of a person of wealth, with a marked taste for splendor and all that delights and imposes on the eye.

I was looking at this brilliant scene, so vividly contrasted with the poor American camp which I had left, when the door opened, and a man of about forty years of age, in a fine undress uniform, came in, limping a little, and bowing.

I had never before seen the famous soldier—the man of a courage so reckless and unshrinking at Quebec, Stillwater, and wherever he had fought, that it excited the unbounded admiration of the army. His military renown had blazed all over with the most splendid achievements—the bloodiest encounters had seemed to delight this man as much as the smiles of a mistress delight a lover; and if certain critics said that he was headstrong and intractable like Lee, this adverse criticism had been lost sight of in the splendor of a personal daring which the most reckless seemed unable to approach.

As he now came in I fixed my eyes upon him curiously. He was a man of medium height, with a somewhat slender figure, a prominent Roman nose, thin and curved like the beak of an eagle, a high retreating forehead, and fixed and piercing eyes, that gave me back my own glance with a certain unwavering intensity.

I presented my dispatch, which he received and read attentively. He then turned and bowed.

"Lieutenant Cary, I believe? Your name is here, sir. Take a seat."

I sat down, and he took an armchair opposite me. "I will prepare a reply to the dispatch you bring, lieutenant. Give me an account of the state of affairs at army headquarters, from which you come."

I did so, in a few words, and General Arnold listened with attention.

"The commander-in-chief is conducting the campaign like the able soldier he certainly is," he said. "It is a pity that he is not better seconded by Congress."

"I had supposed, general," I replied, "that the Congress supported him fully in his operations. A body so eminent and patriotic should surely see the necessity of such support."

His face flushed a little and his eye flashed. "The Congress is neither eminent nor patriotic, sir!" he said. "Of all bodies that ever existed, it is the narrowest, the most prejudiced, and the most stupid!"

A knock came at the outer door, and a moment afterwards a servant came in.

"Mr. Smith, with his bill, sir," said the servant. General Arnold frowned.

"Tell him to bring it to-morrow."

The servant retired, and then came back.

"Well!" exclaimed his master.

"He says at what hour is he to wait on you, sir? He is pressed for money."

"At the devil's hour!—say at ten!"

The servant closed the door, and was heard returning through the hall, when a second knock announced some newcomer, and the same servant speedily reappeared.

"Well, what is it now?" said General Arnold, sternly.

"Mr. McCue, with his bill, sir. He says you told him to call to-day."

General Arnold set his teeth close.

"Tell him I am engaged on matters of importance!"

The servant retired, returned and stood without

speaking, as though apprehensive that his message would prove unpalatable.

"Speak! What have you to say?" said his master.

"I don't like to say what the man says, sir."

"Say it!"

"He says he will not be put off longer. Your Excellency has kept him waiting so long, he says, that he will wait no longer."

"A curse on him! Show him in, then—or wait! I will see him!"

He rose and limped from the room, his face full of anger. A loud colloquy at the front door ensued—the creditor was evidently as angry as the debtor. It ended by Arnold's violently slamming the door in his face, and returning to the drawing-room, where he resumed his seat—his eyes flashing with anger.

"You see, sir!" he blurted out. "It is your fate to be present, sir, at a scene which indicates the opinion these cursed people have of the value of my services to the country! I have risked my life for them a thousand times!—I poured out my blood in their service—I am limping now from my wound at Stillwater—and I am driven to madness by their incessant, their insolent demands on me—night and day!"

"It is truly a hard fate, general!"

"And all is due to Congress and these cursed Pennsylvanians! Congress appoints, first, five new major-generals over me—an insult which no honorable soldier could endure. Then come these people with their insolent accusation that I have misapplied the public moneys!—they will not settle my accounts—they have even had me tried and reprimanded for my official action!"

"The reprimand was a mere form, general."

"Which I did not deserve—a real injustice! No, sir! I am disgusted with these people. I will leave the service. There are things which no one can endure—which sever all the ties binding a man to a cause or a country."

I remembered afterwards those fatal words. As they were uttered I turned my head and fixed my eyes upon the speaker. He saw that look, and seemed to feel that he had said something imprudent. His anger all at once subsided, his stern face resumed its cool, non-committal expression; and, bestowing upon me his former piercing glance, he added:

"But I weary you, lieutenant; and with these family quarrels between myself and Congress. Pardon the excitement of an old soldier who can neither obtain the rank and command he is entitled to in the army nor secure common justice in the settlement of his official accounts."

A rustle of silk on the staircase indicated that a lady was descending, and a moment afterwards a very beautiful young woman, apparently about eighteen, entered, clad in a dazzling silk riding-dress, the richest lace, and a hat covered with flowers. Her beautiful hands sparkled with rings, and her corsage was secured by a magnificent diamond solitaire. Her personal beauty and variegated dress seemed to light up the apartment.

She came in smiling, and General Arnold rose quickly. His expression had completely changed. All the sternness and suppressed anger had disappeared from his countenance, and in his softened eyes and smiling lips it was easy to see the proof of unbounded tenderness and devotion.

"Mrs. Arnold, allow me to present to you, Lieutenant Cary, from the army," he said.

The lady made me a charming little courtesy, and said, smiling:

"I am very glad to enjoy Lieutenant Cary's acquaintance."

I bowed low and said: "I have had the pleasure to see Mrs. Arnold once before."

"May I ask upon what occasion, sir?"

"At the Mischanza festivities, madame," I replied.

In fact, the young lady, then Miss Shippen, had been one of the fair damsels in Turkish costume who had presided in the pavilion and conferred the favors of ribbon-knots on the knights of the Burning Mountain and the Blended Rose. Miss Shippen's family, like the families of the rest, were of loyalist proclivities, and I afterwards heard that her marriage with General Arnold had placed him under extreme suspicion at the time—the Americans fearing that this union with a Tory family would shake his political principles.

At the word "Mischanza," Mrs. Arnold blushed and then laughed.

"You recall my wild young days, sir, and must pardon a giddy girl for seeming to affiliate with the enemies of our country. I am wiser now, and, like my husband, am a good American."

"I am sure of that, madame."

"And I recall my wild young days, recent as they are, like a dream. I should not have appeared at the Mischanza—I acknowledge that—but girls are fond of merrymaking, sir, and some of the British officers, you must let me say, were charming fellows."

"I can testify to that, madame. I had, myself, a very warm friend among them—young Major André."

"Did you know Major André?"

The words were uttered with great animation.

"Very intimately, madame. He was one of the best friends I ever had."

"And is unchanged, I can assure you, sir—no one was ever more faithful to his friends."

"You knew him?"

"Oh! yes, sir; like yourself, very intimately. What a winning person! I have rarely known any one so accomplished, kind-hearted and delightful."

General Arnold laughed.

"Well, I am glad Major André has followed his flag elsewhere. I should grow jealous!" he said.

"It would be quite unnecessary," was the lady's reply, in the same light tone. "Major André and myself were merely great friends—no more. He had had a sad love affair, and made me his confidant. I do not think he had a heart for me, or any one—it was buried in the grave of his old love, whose name was Honora."

So the frank, unreserved young fellow had poured his love-sorrows into the ear of this fair friend as into my own! It gave her new interest in my eyes; and here, let me add, that no act of this lady's ever lowered her in my respect and esteem. If she married General Arnold for his high position and splendor of living, as was said, she was a faithful wife to him, and I am certain knew nothing whatever of the woful drama which afterwards rendered the name she bore so terrible.

As the coach at the door indicated that the lady designed riding out, I rose and bowed, with the words:

"I am detaining you, madame."

"Oh, not at all, sir! I am sure I could talk of Major André all the morning."

I persisted in retiring, however, and General Arnold informed me that his reply to the dispatch I brought would be ready on the same evening. I then took my departure, and the general and his wife issued forth and entered their coach.

As it drove off, I saw a man, apparently a tradesman, hasten towards the coach, trying to attract attention, and holding up a paper which marvelously resembled a shopkeeper's bill. But the coachman seemed well drilled. He did not so much

as turn his head. Laying the long lash of his whip on the backs of his spirited horses, already prancing in their gold-plated harness, he soon distanced the man with the bill—the military governor of the city of Philadelphia and his beautiful wife disappearing like a splendid vision.

## CHAPTER II.—A BLIND.

LATE on the night of the same day I returned to General Arnold's to receive the reply to my dispatch, my intention being to set out for the army on the next morning.

Through the rich silk curtains of the drawing-room filtrated a subdued light, and supposing that the family had retired, with the exception of General Arnold, who was no doubt awaiting me to deliver the dispatch, I knocked, and was admitted by the same splendid lackey who threw open the door of the reception-room.

At two steps beyond the threshold of the apartment I suddenly stopped. General Arnold was nowhere to be seen, but in place of him I beheld Mrs. Arnold—and the Baroness de Rudysael!

The lady of the house wore a superb evening dress, revealing her beautiful neck and snowy arms, and held in her hand a letter. The woman was in plainer dress—one of those brown costumes used in traveling. It did not hide her beauty—I saw before me the same fascinating person of thirty-five or a little more, with the winning and little satirical smile and brilliant eyes—which eyes at sight of me now filled with surprise, but exhibited not the least confusion. On the contrary, the lady laughed her old, ringing, musical laugh, exclaiming:

"Who would have believed it! I meet monsieur on the most unexpected occasions!"

I bowed gravely, making no reply.

"At our last interview I wore a most unbecoming costume, was it not, monsieur? I was a fright, a market-woman, a hideous hag—ha! ha! It is not possible that you have forgotten *la bonne tante Sally Doubleday*!"

"I remember her quite distinctly, madame."

"So she impressed herself on monsieur's memory? It is flattering, very flattering! I laughed still a month afterwards, at that little *ruse* of mine, at the *Roi de Prusse* *auberge*!"

Mrs. Arnold, still holding in her hand the open letter, looked from the speaker to me, and from me back to the speaker.

"So you and Madame de Rudysael are acquainted, Lieutenant Cary?" she said, with evident surprise.

"Yes, madame. We have met, at least, more than once."

"*Par exemple*," said the woman, laughing with evident enjoyment "at the *château en Virginie* of Monsieur Dismore, on the *triste* night of Long Island, and at the *Roi de Prusse*, where, as Aunt Sally Doubleday, I procured monsieur's capture by the Colonel Tarleton."

I bowed coldly again, and said to Mrs. Arnold:

"From respect for your presence, madame, I make no reply to the malicious jests of this lady, who, passing under the name of the Baroness de Rudysael, pursues an occupation which I must be allowed to say is not such as to entitle her to very high consideration—since it is the occupation of a spy."

Mrs. Arnold raised her head quickly, and looked at me with some astonishment.

"You must certainly be mistaken, sir!" she exclaimed.

"Not in the least, madame. Ask the lady. She has just admitted as much. At Long Island, on the night of the retreat of the Americans, she attempted to fire an alarm-gun, and so bring the enemy upon us—and at the King of Prussia Tavern, a few miles from this city, she succeeded, by personating an old country-woman, in entrapping me and effecting my capture. Is this true, or is it not, madame?" I said, turning abruptly to the baroness.

"Both true and false," she replied, with a ringing laugh. "I am a friend of the Royal cause. Perhaps—well, let us say yes! A spy!—how absurd!"

"And at Long Island, madame?" I said, disdainfully.

"I was seized by your people while walking out in the evening. I was *enragée*, *mon cher*, and while in my rage, attempted to revenge myself upon *Messieurs les Américains*, who had been so ungallant!"

Her laugh was repeated.

"And as to the scene at the *Roi de Prusse* Tavern, what was it? A little comedy. I was shut up, and wished to ride out of the city; so I assumed that frightful disguise, met you, sir, and remembered your gallant taunts near Brooklyn. It was to make my frolic complete to have monsieur—what do you call it? Oh, yes—to have monsieur *gobbed up*!"

During this audacious address, I had time to regain all my calmness. I saw that the shameless creature had a ready explanation for everything, and I made no reply whatever. Rising from my seat, I turned to Mrs. Arnold and said, bowing:

"Is General Arnold present, madame? I am to take a dispatch from him."

"I regret that he has not returned," was the reply. "He was called to his headquarters on sudden business, but cannot be detained much longer now. Pray resume your seat, sir—and I think I have an inducement to offer you. There is a letter from Major André—your friend, as he is mine."

I saw the Baroness de Rudysael start and look at the speaker as we look at people who have just uttered some highly imprudent speech. Mrs. Arnold saw the look, and added, laughing:

"Oh, it is unnecessary to make a mystery of anything with Lieutenant Cary, madame. He is a warm friend of Major André, and will not think less favorably of me—his friend, too—for exchanging friendly letters with one only *officially* an enemy."

She turned to me, and added:

"Tell me, sir, if you knew of a flag of truce being sent, or even of a person going through the lines, to New York, would you think it improper to write: '*My dear André, I hope you are well and happy*?' Would you not write and send that, sir, with a clear conscience?"

"Certainly, madame."

"And if André replied, '*I am well, and often think of the pleasant hours we have passed together*,' would you regard it as treasonable to receive such an epistle?"

"Assuredly not, madame."

The lady laughed, and held out the open letter.

"There is Major André's note to me, sir. Read it, and you will see that I have just repeated the substance of it."

I put the paper aside with a motion of my hand. "Thanks, madame, for this mark of your esteem, but since you inform me of the contents of the note, I need not read it."

"Well, then, you shall hear it read," came with the same light frank laugh. And the lady read aloud Arnold's letter, which was purely personal—a gay, unreserved epistle, such as a gentleman writes to a lady who is his friend; speaking of pleasant association in the past, and regretting that this was

no longer possible. In the letter there was not the least allusion to public affairs—it might have been sent open by a flag of truce, for the inspection of any one.

"If I write now and then to an old friend on the British side be an imprudence, I must bear the blame of it," said the lady, laying the letter, still open, on the table.

"And if bringing through the lines such a friendly note be a crime, it is I who must be punished—with monsieur's terrible displeasure!" laughed the Baroness de Rudysael.

You see, worthy reader, I was fairly beaten. When did a man emerge from a contest of wit and skill with the sex victorious? Here was a common spy and secret agent, slipping from camp to camp, from city to city, in disguise—bearing letters or messages—tampering with, bribing, perhaps, this person or that; and *l'otie*, the secret schemer became a harmless *colonyenne*, intrusted only with friendly notes, unconnected with public affairs!

It is needless to say that I was not in the least deceived. I knew as well as I could know anything that this woman was in Philadelphia on some secret errand; and ten minutes after she had uttered the words above recorded, a vague, indefinite suspicion entered my mind—to be subsequently confirmed in every particular.

The door of the house opened, a step came, and General Arnold entered the drawing-room. As his eye fell on the Baroness de Rudysael, he frowned, and darted a side-glance at me. I had risen, and now said:

"I came to receive your dispatch, general."

"It is ready, sir."

He drew it from his breast and handed it to me.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, sir, but was detained by official business. I am glad to find that agreeable company has made some amends for your detention."

Again he glanced at me—then toward the woman. Skillful and thoroughly cool and self-possessed as General Arnold was, he could not conceal from me that he was the victim of some direct apprehension—an expression of face which I must say greatly astonished me. I had no reason whatever to suppose that the woman de Rudysael was even known to him, as she appeared here at his house simply as the bearer of a friendly letter to Mrs. Arnold—but that she was known to him all at once became evident.

"André has written again, general," said Mrs. Arnold, "and such a charming letter!—there it is on the table. Madame was good enough to bring it, and I had the further pleasure of conversing with her. She came just after you went, informing me that she had an appointment with you."

A sudden flash lit up Arnold's face, and without turning his head, I saw him roll the pupils of his eyes sidewise and dart a look full of anger and menace at Madame de Rudysael. But the coolness of this man was beyond all words—what tries the stoutest nerves never in the least affected his own.

"Very true, madame," he said to Mrs. Arnold, "but the appointment was *with you*, as this lady informed me that she had brought letters to you, through the lines, from friends in New York."

"This is the only one."

"But it seems to please you greatly!"

The soft and smiling expression had come back to General Arnold's face—that expression which it wore when he looked at his wife.

I bowed, and said that as I designed riding early, I would now take my leave. Mrs. Arnold rose and frankly held out her pretty hand.

"You should thank me for one thing at least, Lieutenant Cary," she said, smiling. "I have given you news of your friend André."

Did General Arnold again turn his head in that strange, sudden manner at the words "*your friend André*?"

"And," said Madame de Rudysael, coquettishly leaning back in her armchair and laughing, "Monsieur Cary should also thank me for my part—me, the spy and secret agent."

I made no reply, and bowed to General Arnold in turn. As I looked at him the expression of his face startled me. He was extremely pale, and a slight movement of his broad chest seemed to indicate suppressed emotion. A few moments afterwards the door closed behind me, and I found myself in the street. It was past midnight.

As I went towards my lodgings I mused profoundly on the scenes of the evening.

What had brought that woman through the British lines to Philadelphia? It was not to deliver a trifling note from André to a lady, his former friend.

What did that sudden pallor of General Arnold, at the words *spy and secret agent*, mean? I did not know then. I knew afterwards.

## CHAPTER III.—AT WOLFERT'S ROOST.

I WAS back in the highlands on the west bank of the Hudson River, to which region General Washington had transferred his forces—watching the British in New York and keeping up a connection with the New England States, with the strong post at West Point as a central depot of munitions and rallying-point.

Our army had been reinforced by a fleet sent out by the French Government; and the great contest still went on with varying fortunes, seeming as far as ever from an issue.

Of this period, and its great historic events—the expedition against Rhode Island, the Wyoming massacre, the storming of Stony Point by brave mad Anthony Wayne, the war in the South where Gates was overthrown at Camden, and other occurrences—of these I shall say nothing, as I did not witness them; and readers desirous of following step by step the great drama of the Revolution may find an account of all in the historic annals.

I pass to the Summer of 1780, when it was my fortune to become personally connected with one of the most wonderful tragedies of history—one of those dramas which sum up the whole hard and brutal business of war in a single episode. This thing called war is a splendid pageant to those unacquainted with it—a fine picture, all plumes and martial music and heroism. To those who ill-fortune it is to have seen it face to face, it is of all things the dirtiest, the most repulsive and the most bloody.

Nothing redeems it, in my eyes at least, from this aspect of horror. It is the revel of all the most devilish passions of the human heart. It tramples on Christian charity, and love of our neighbors, and the whole spirit of our holy religion. Hatred and the thirst for blood, and the torch and sword's edge—this is war, friend, in its true essence. The fine music is a dirge, and the plumes are funeral trappings, waving above a corpse.

In the month of August of this year, 1780, I was sent with a flag of truce from the Upper Hudson down the east bank of the river towards the city of New York, to exchange some prisoners, with commissioners sent by Sir Henry Clinton for the same purpose—the British headquarters being in the city.

Passing through the desolate region—for it was then the neutral ground between the adversaries, and it was harried incessantly by bands of marauders, calling themselves *cowboys* and *skimmers*—I reached the vicinity of the little village of Tarry-



town, where, at the house of an old Dutchman named Jacob Van Tassel, the commissioners on each side had appointed to meet. This house, which bore the name of "Wolfert's Roost," from a certain Mynheer Wolfert Ecker, who had built it, was a low-pitched old Dutch affair crowning a grassy knoll in sight of the Tappan Zee; and I found its proprietor, old Jacob Van Tassel, a thorough representative of the old Dutch inhabitants of the colony. He was fat, broad-shouldered, ruddy, and a determined patriot. His household consisted of his wife, his sister, a blooming daughter, and a portly negro woman. The homestead was surrounded by apple orchards laden with fruit—unripe as yet, which circumstance had probably protected it from the *skimmers* and *cowboys*—and near it stood an antique Dutch church, approached by a rustic bridge over a small stream, which ran through a little valley going by the name of Sleepy Hollow.

Mynheer Van Tassel came out to his stoop as I approached, grasping an enormous blunderbuss, or, rather, duck-gun, which seemed sufficient to prostrate a regiment at one discharge. This huge weapon was held by the stock with his right hand, his left clutching the barrel. It was perfectly plain that Mynheer Van Tassel belonged to the church militant, and taking us for British or marauders, was determined to protect his roof-tree. Our uniforms, however, speedily reassured him, and bringing the butt of his gun down to the ground, he assumed a peaceful attitude and made us welcome. We were greeted in the same manner by the excellent lady of the house, by "Nochie," the sister, and by the daughter—pretty Katrina Van Tassel—who seemed to have just dismissed a rustic admirer, a long, lanky individual disappearing on a gaunt steed in the direction of the bridge over the stream in Sleepy Hollow.

Half an hour after our arrival, a detachment of British horse appeared, coming from the direction of New York, and as they rode up the hill I recognized in the officer in command my friend André! When he saw me, his face—which had worn, I observed, an expression of the greatest gravity, even of trouble—suddenly lit up, and his cheeks colored with an emotion which I was vain enough to attribute to his pleasure at seeing me.

"My dear Cary! This is a most unexpected happiness! I was near requesting General Clinton to substitute another officer in my stead, to-day. Had I done so, I should never have forgiven myself!"

His warm grasp of the hand plainly had his heart in it. He hastened to transact the official business which had brought him: the formalities of the exchange of prisoners were soon over, and while the respective detachments allowed their horses to take a breathing spell, and themselves rested from the heat in Mynheer Van Tassel's shaded "Roost," André and myself rambled off to Sleepy Hollow, where we sat down beneath the heavy foliage of an oak and talked.

I shall always remember this interview, and have only to close my eyes now to see once more the fine face of the young officer, his blue eyes, brown curling hair, and frank, kind lips. He was greatly changed. His face had lost something of its boyish roundness of outline, and a deep sadness was apparent in his eyes which I could see return after every attempt which he made to smile.

We gave each other, as friends long separated are apt to do, an account of the adventures which had befallen us since our last meeting on the morning succeeding the *Mischianza* in Philadelphia. Referring to that period, André said:

"Do you know, dear Cary, all that seems to me to have taken place at least one thousand years ago? I look back to the time you speak of as an old man does to his boyhood. How long was it ago? Was it not a whole century, at the very least?"

There was in his voice the same undertone of haunting sadness which I had observed in his first words as he thus spoke. I attributed it, however, to the romantic regret of a poetical youth, and said:

"Well, André, it seems a long time to me, too—a natural circumstance, as time is measured for human beings by incident and emotion; not by the shadows of the sun-dial. You live long in a short time when life is filled with shifting scenes. I felt as you feel when I visited the old slate-roof House last."

"You have been back?"

"Yes; I carried a dispatch to General Arnold there. The house was his residence."

"General Arnold?"

"He had turned his head abruptly, the color in his cheeks suddenly fading."

"Certainly," I returned. "You must have heard of him, as he is a soldier of eminent rank. He was Military Governor of Philadelphia at the time, and I visited him on official business at his private residence."

André's head had slowly declined towards his breast, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground. He had plucked a wild flower budding in the grass, and now slowly pulled it to pieces, leaf by leaf.

"What do you think of General Arnold?" he said at length, in a low tone. His voice seemed to have changed, in some manner, and to have grown a little husky.

"I think he is one of the bravest soldiers in the American Army," I replied.

André again remained silent for some moments. Leaf by leaf he continued to pluck the flower to pieces.

"Is he true?"

The words came with an abruptness that startled me.

"Who could doubt it?" I said, in great surprise, at the tone of the speaker.

André made no reply. His eyes were still fixed upon the ground. Looking at him in great astonishment, I tried vainly to fathom this singular emotion, and, above all, this singular question. All at once, however, I thought I had reached the solution—of the meaning of the question, at least.

"Oh, I understand, André," I said; "you are thinking of the fair Mrs. Arnold—of General Arnold's union with a young lady whose family are all Tories. That is no good ground for doubting the general's political views—and I am able to show you that this good, as well as beautiful, young lady

\* The subsequent fate of Mynheer Van Tassel and his home was melancholy and heroic. He was away on a secret expedition against the British gunboats in the Hudson, when a party of the enemy landed from a vessel in the stream and attacked the mansion. Madame Van Tassel, Nochie Van Wurmer, Katrina and the black servant woman, made a vigorous defense with broomsticks, shovels, and bread-rollers. But the enemy was too strong. The house was stormed, sacked, and set on fire; and, not content with this, the enemy seized pretty Katrina and dragged her towards the boat. This produced a second battle. The women folk followed the marauders to the river, storming and resisting, and the captain of the vessel ordered them to release their prize. Old Jacob was afterwards arrested, and imprisoned in New York, and "Wolfert's Roost" I suppose will never rise again from its ashes unless some poet or other literary person should be seized with admiration for its grassy surroundings, including Sleepy Hollow, and erect there a new roost on the sunny side of the green knoll.

is perfectly well affected to the American cause now, whatever she may have been in the past."

"Yes, ye-!" he said quickly. "I do not believe—I know—that—that—yes; she is perfectly well affected, as you say. No one shall question that. So you know her, Cary?—I mean Mrs. Arnold."

"I had the pleasure of spending an hour or two with her. She is really charming."

"Is she not?" he said, with a quick color in his cheeks; but still keeping his eyes cast down, and still pulling a leaf now and then from the flower in his hand. "She's one of the kindest hearts I have ever known. She was Miss Shippen, and took part in our *Mischianza*. I made her acquaintance on my arrival in Philadelphia. She honored me with the truest friendship and sympathy. I told her of Honora, Cary. You remember, do you not?"

"I shall not forget that name, or the confidence you gave me that evening on the ramparts."

"I was sure you remembered. Cary, a strange thing happened to me, only last night!"

"What was that?"

"She—Honora—appeared to me in a dream, and gave me a strange warning."

"A warning?"

"She foretold that my death was near."

"What a fancy!"

"Do you think it a fancy?"

"Certainly!"

"And do not believe in dreams—in presentiments?"

"Not in the least."

"I believe in them!"

And he relapsed into his mood of deep sadness.

"Come, my dear André," I said, "do you know I have been wondering during the whole of this interview at your singular gravity and even sadness. I now understand its cause—you are still under the effects of your gloomy dream. But banish these chimeras. The future is never revealed to mortals. A man falls when his time has come, and he does not fall before."

"You are right, Cary; only my time has come, or is near."

"Come, cease this talk."

"So be it; and after all, no man has the right to inflict his sadness on his friend."

"On the contrary, he has every right. What, otherwise, is friendship worth? But there is the sadness that is well-grounded and the sadness that is irrational. Yours is the latter, André, and I should like to laugh you out of it."

"You could not, I fear. But enough. Tell me of Mrs. Arnold. Is she not a lovely character?"

"Yes, indeed."

"The best friend I ever had, almost."

"I can testify to that. She spoke of you in the warmest terms."

"At your interview? She mentioned me?"

"She mentioned scarce any one else, and was delighted with your letter."

"My letter!"

Again his head turned abruptly, but his eyes avoided my own in the same singular manner.

"Your letter delivered by the woman calling herself the Baroness de Rudysael."

André's cheeks grew even paler than before.

"So—you—saw that woman?"

"Yes."

"You remembered her?"

"How could I forget her? She entrapped me at The King of Prussia Tavern, as I told you in our first interview."

"Yes; and so she was at—General Arnold's when you visited him?"

"Yes."

"Did Mrs. Arnold—I mean was her character known to Mrs. Arnold?"

"It was not; I am quite sure of that. Indeed, I remember that the lady exhibited some astonishment when I spoke of the woman as a spy and secret agent."

"You regarded her as a spy and secret agent, then?" he said, in the same low tone.

"Naturally. She was known to me before our meeting at The King of Prussia Inn. She is a Frenchwoman, and on your side, my dear André. But understand me. Secret agents are inevitable in war, and all commanders employ them. That is one of the vices of the vicious thing called war. I had no difficulty in penetrating her character—knowing her of old."

"And my letter; you must have thought it strange that I intrusted it to such a person?"

"Why should you not? There again I formed my theory without the least difficulty. Sir Henry Clinton probably employed this person. You heard of her intended visit to Philadelphia, and commissioned her to deliver a letter to a friend in the city. That explains the whole matter—does it not—in the most natural manner?"

Again he made no reply.

"Is she well, and looking well?" he said, in a moment.

"She?—you mean—"

"Oh, yes! yes!—Mrs. Arnold—not that vile creature!"

He spoke with abrupt energy, and a sort of disgust.

"I mean the beautiful woman, once Miss Shippen, now Mrs. Arnold?"

"She was perfectly well, and as beautiful—well, as I am speaking to a poet, let me say—as 'beautiful as a dream.'"

André's face did not respond to my jest. He pulled the last leaves from the wild flower in his hand, mused for some minutes, and then said:

"Cary, you are from Virginia, where people say you retain the *præca fides* in opinion and action, the old *foi de gentleman*. I wish to ask you a question—to propound a problem connected with morals."

"A problem?"

"Is it justifiable to employ *ruse* in war—to have recourse to stratagem—to *buy an enemy with gold*, as well as to overcome him by force of arms?"

The question struck me as very singular, and I was completely at a loss to understand what it meant.

"You do not reply," he said.

"Because it puzzles me to do so," was my answer. "To be plain with you, my opinion has always been that deception in public matters—either in war or politics—is no more justifiable than in private affairs."

"But do not honorable men—statesmen and generals—resort to this deception?"

"I suppose so. I can only add that I should do so with reluctance. I speak for myself only."

"General Washington is a very pure and upright man, is he not?"

"The most pure and upright I have ever known."

"He employs secret agents, does he not?"

"It is not improbable."

"And without forfeiting his honor?"

"Assuredly not; but the world has made up its opinion as to the agent, at least. The trade of a spy, you must be aware, is universally regarded as most contemptible and dishonorable."

"A spy? Yes—a thousand times yes!"

"He risks his good name and his life—the death of his reputation and the death of his body; and it is just."

"Yes, it is just," André said, in a low voice, "in the case of a spy."

He threw the wild flower away; plucked of every leaflet, it lay withering in the hot August sunshine. He then looked at me with great sadness, and said: "Cary, you are my true friend, are you not?"

"You could not have a truer."

"I would not forfeit your friendship."

"I have no fear that you will ever act in a manner to lose it, my dear André," I said, quite puzzled.

"Suppose I should seem unworthy of it?"

"I know not seems!"

"Suppose men's voices were against me?"

"Men's voices? I attach little or no importance to mere voices."

"In life and death, then, you are my friend?"

I held out my hand, and he placed his own in it. I was startled to find it so icy cold.

"In life and death!" I said, smiling.

"Remember that, and God bless you, Cary! It is time to go."

With these words, André rose, and we walked back to Wolfert's Roost. On the way he did not utter a word.

Half an hour afterwards we parted, with a last grasp of the hand, and rode away in opposite directions.

(To be continued.)

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**The New Metal Gallium.**—The discoverer of this new metal, M. Leconte, has succeeded in preserving a sufficient quantity to enable him to describe its properties more accurately. He obtained it by electrolysis as a deposit upon a negative platinum electrode, from which it is difficult to remove it, as it is quite hard. It is a lustrous metal, whiter than platinum, and capable of taking a good polish. It appears to be quite permanent, as it does not oxidize in dry air, and even after heated to 220° C. It decomposes water acidulated with hydrochloric acid, with a brisk evolution of hydrogen. Both in its physical properties and in its chemical reactions it appears to resemble aluminium, and may be looked upon as *eka-aluminium*, the existence of which was predicted by Mendeleeff in his paper on the periodicity of the chemical elements.

**Lightning Rods in Paris.**—The municipality of Paris have appropriated \$250,000 for reconstructing all the lightning conductors in the monuments and public buildings of the city. The principal electricians of the capital competed for the privilege of undertaking the work. The successful competitor was M. Grenet, the well-known electrician. The electric continuity of conductors must be tested yearly, and the contractor will be paid by instalments, after the efficiency of his work shall have been tested during a certain number of years. The platinum tip has been discarded and is to be replaced by a copper cone. The insulation of the rods has been abolished as being useless. The diameter of protection area, which was supposed to be thrice the height, has been reduced to 1.45, the effect will be to increase the number of rods.

**The Largest Photographs in the World.**—The Sydney (Australia) *Evening News* gives an account of two views of Sydney, taken by Mr. Holtermann on negative plates, one of which is five feet by three feet two inches, and the other four feet six inches square. Apart from the size of the two pictures, they are splendid specimens of the photographer's art, the outlines being sharp and clear, and the various objects shown coming out prominently before the eye. The difficulty of producing pictures of such size can be best understood and appreciated by photographers, among many of whom the belief is prevalent that it is not possible to execute photographs of such magnitude. In addition to the separate large prints, Mr. Holtermann has executed a panoramic view of Sydney and the harbor thirty-three feet in length, covering a space about six miles in length, and the whole of the perspective is shown much clearer than can be seen by the naked eye.

**New Researches on Cerium, Lanthanum and Didymium.**—Dr. Hillebrand and Dr. Norton have published an account of some recent researches undertaken by them on these rare metals in Bunsen's laboratory. They have succeeded by electrolysis in preparing considerable amounts of the metals in masses and in shot, and have been able to give very full accounts of the properties of them. Cerium has the color and lustre of iron, and is readily polished. It fuses at a strong red heat, and after having been melted has about the hardness of pure silver. The metal can be easily hammered into plates, or rolled out into foil, and when warm can be pressed in a vise. It takes fire in the air more readily than magnesium, and burns with even greater splendor than that metal. If it were not for its great scarcity this property would render it valuable as an artificial source of light. Metallic lanthanum and didymium resemble cerium, but tarnish more easily, and the latter has a distinct yellow color.

**Chemical Action of Plants.**—Professor August Vogel, of Munich, Bavaria, has recently published an interesting paper on the chemical action of plants, in which he shows that the green leaves, aided by the sunlight, not only decompose carbonic acid in the atmosphere, but also bring about the union of oxygen and nitrogen. He refers to the fact that gardeners never water plants in the sunshine, and explains the reason on the principle that in the bright sun nitric acid is formed out of the oxygen and nitrogen, and the plants are thus injured. The plants decompose or generate nitric acid, carbonic acid, ammonia, etc., and are thus incessantly engaged in chemical operations—the roots as well as the leaves co-operating in the work. The plants attack the soil with their roots by means of an acid which is secreted in them, and even silica is dissolved. They are always at work for the benefit of mankind, accomplishing that which man would not be able to do in his present knowledge. They take the alkali of the soil and store it up for us in a way that we cannot imitate. It seems but fair that we should furnish the requisite compost to enable the plants to do all this work for us.

**Use of Waste Products.**—The economical working of waste material is one of the characteristics of the present age. The very idea of waste is abhorrent to a technologist, and he immediately goes to work to invent some new application or some ingenious method for recovering what would otherwise be thrown away. This observation is exemplified in many of the Western mines. What are called the tailings are bought and sold several times over. After the regular mill-owners have got all they can get out of an ore, some one who works with more refined apparatus than can be employed in wholesale operations buys the refuse and makes a good thing of it. The Chinese are especially successful in this line of business. The curious fact is mentioned that a mine-owner at the Sandhurst goldfield, in Victoria, sold the right to wash a large heap of tailings to the Chinese three different times, and each time the men seemed satisfied with the result of their labors. There are even now, it is said, immense heaps of tailings containing auriferous pyrites in Victoria, which, if properly stacked and operated upon on a large scale, would yield nearly all the gold they contain at but little cost of money or labor. The sweepings of the Assay Office in New York are carefully preserved, and after the Government officials have got all they can get out of them, the residue is put up in barrels, and always finds a ready sale to smelters, who, operating in a small way, contrive to make a good thing of it.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL GARIBOLDI has accepted the presidency of the International Arbitration Congress to be held at Rome.

GENERAL SHERMAN will preside and deliver an address at a reunion of the veterans of the civil war to be held at Springfield, Ill., May 13th.

The statue of William Wheelwright, an American, who introduced steam navigation in the Pacific, is expected at Valparaiso, Chili, next August.

SECRETARY TAFT, after graduating, remained at Yale for a time as a tutor, and he had among his pupils William M. Everts, Henry L. Dawes, Morrison R. Waite and Edwards Pierpont.

PROFESSOR PROCTOR has written to the Boston School Committee offering to deliver a lecture free of charge, on the subject of astronomy, to the children of the public schools of that city.

ROSA BONHEUR is about to leave Paris again for several months. She has recently been staying in Hungary, at the seat of Baron Sina, and is now about to become the guest of Lord Cochrane, on his estate at Dumfries.

PRESIDENT GRANT, after having recalled General Meigs, telegraphed him that he might remain abroad until the end of the fiscal year. The dispatch was sent too late, however, as General Meigs had already sailed for home.

PROFESSOR F. P. NASH, since his resignation at Hobart College, has received calls to be President of Kenyon College, Ohio, Professor of Greek at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., and Assistant Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard.

SECRETARY BRISTOW has promised to attend the Wilbraham (Mass.) Academy celebration on June 21st, unless some unforeseen emergency keeps him away. Senators Boutwell and Dawes have also promised to be present, and it is expected that Mr. Blaine will attend.

MR. JAMES LICK, of San Francisco, who gave the funds for a monument to Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," has been petitioned by the citizens of that city to have the cornerstone laid and a model of the principal statue unveiled on the Centennial Fourth of July.

QUEEN VICTORIA, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, visited the London Hospital on March 7th, and formally opened the Victoria and the Beatrice wings, which have been added to the institution by the munificence of the Grocers' Company. Her Majesty went in semi-state, and was very loyally received by vast crowds of people.

A MEMORIAL medallion erected to the poet Kents, upon the pillar of the gateway close to his tombstone in the Protestant burying ground in Rome, was uncovered recently in the presence of a large number of ladies and gentlemen. The sculptor, Warrington Wood, having declined payment for his work, the money contributed will be used as a nucleus of a larger sum for the execution of a bust to be placed in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, provided the requisite permission can be obtained.

MR. LAMAR, though apparently in good bodily health, is in a very critical condition, and faces death every time he makes a speech or participates in such a debate as that on the Belknap business. The paralytic stroke which some years ago nearly put an end to his career may at any moment be succeeded by another, with almost a certainty of its proving fatal. It is to avert such a calamity that Mr. Lamar has turned his back upon Washington this time, when his counsels and his example are so much needed.

BARON HAUSMAN never dined with the Prince Napoleon, during the reign of Napoleon III., unless when specially invited. When asked by the Emperor the reason of his conduct, the baron said: "Well, sire, I am convinced that the day will come when some one will have to lead the Prince to jail by the collar, and if that day ever does come, it will not do for that some one to have been his guest too often." This Prince, of course, is the scapegrace cousin, recently defamed at the Assembly, in Corsica, by M. Rouher.

It is said that Strauss, the composer of dance music, is as nervous as a composer as he is as director. Clad in a velvet costume, with patent leather boots reaching to his knees, his eyes aflame, and in a fit of inspiration, he goes striding through the house like a maniac. If inspiration does not come to him in the *salon* he clutches his papers, and goes to his bedroom or his wife's boudoir. Sometimes the waltz begun in the parlor is finished in the kitchen. Frau Strauss, who appreciates and understands her John's habits, has half a dozen pianos scattered through the house, and in each room a table with writing materials, so that in whatever nook her Herr finds himself he is quite at home. It was only through her influence that he was induced to undertake dramatic work.

MR. MARSH, the Belknap stumbling-block, who appeared, March 22d, to testify before the House Judiciary Committee, is a tall, slim, but symmetrical, young-looking man of thirty-five, or thereabouts. The gray tinge already creeping into his scant brown hair, and the growing bald spot, which has added half to the natural height of the forehead, and made a broad lane well over to the back of his head, give a suspicion of more years than the clean cut face, entirely smooth save for the trim mustache, almost black, and the lithe figure, will warrant. His dress is stylish almost to dandyishness, and is eminently the make-up of a successful Wall Street broker. From the immaculate white choker and long black tie down through the perfectly-fitting black coat and light, stylish trousers to the gaiters to match, and the trim shoe beneath it, was all the make-up of a fashionable New Yorker. His manner was nervous, but not more so than the average man would be under the same circumstances.

THE well-known fashionable Summer resort, Cozzens Hotel, at West Point, has become one of the things of the past. The proprietors having failed to realize the desired success in the hotel business, the establishment, including forty acres of land, was sold early in March, at a referee's sale, for \$65,000. The purchaser was a wealthy lady of New York, Mrs. William H. Osborn, wife of the president of the Illinois Central Railroad, and daughter of the late Jonathan Sturges; and immediately after becoming the owner of the property she notified the Governors of the New York Hospital of her intention of presenting it to that institution as a home for convalescents from the several large metropolitan hospitals, irrespective of creed or nationality. In taking this munificent step Mrs. Osborn has been actuated by a desire to afford immediate relief to those who are anxious to avail themselves of the charity, and also to confide the enterprise to experienced hands. The New York Hospital is one of the oldest benevolent institutions in New York, having been endowed 105 years ago by royal charter. It is now in a most prosperous condition, having an annual income of \$150,000, besides a large reserve fund contingent upon donations. The Governors, who are to have charge of this new charity, are in control of the Bloomingdale Asylum, the new hospital in Chambers Street, and are having built in West Seventeenth Street, near Fifth Avenue, a large, new and handsome building, which will soon be ready for occupation. Mrs. Osborn has certainly planned a noble monument to herself, in thus providing a much-needed shelter to the convalescent poor of New York city.





WALT WHITMAN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. KURTZ.

## WALT WHITMAN.

WALTER WHITMAN, who has been christened "the poet of health and strength," was born on Long Island, N. Y., May 31st, 1819. He comes from a mixed stock, being English on his father's side and Holland Dutch on his mother's. His name first attained national prominence during the last war. A portion of that time he was employed in

the Interior Department, and another in the office of the Attorney-General. At the close of 1862 he began to visit the sick and wounded of the army both on the field and in the hospitals in and near Washington, and he continued steadily at this work until 1865. In January, 1873, he had an attack of the character of a paralytic stroke, and for several months he lay in a very precarious condition. It was then that the public began to learn of the

peculiarities of the man. Alfred Tennyson, the Poet-laureate of England, frequently wrote him words of cheer, and mentioned a case of cerebral disease within his own knowledge in England, similar to Whitman's, from which the sufferer was restored to sound health. A letter written by Ralph Waldo Emerson in July, 1855, was given to the public, in which, in speaking of the gift of a copy of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," the Sage of Concord said: "I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed." The book first appeared about twenty-one years ago, and consisted of twelve poems, which number in subsequent publications has been swelled to over two hundred, touching almost every conceivable topic. Carlyle describes him as "a man furnished for the highest of all enterprises—that of being the poet of his age."

During the last few years Mr. Whitman has been collecting his hospital experiences for a volume entitled "Memoranda of the War," and in preparing a new poetical work which he proposes to call the "Two Rivulets."

Whatever may be the degree of interest and sympathy with which his works have been received in this country, certain it is that they have enjoyed a great popularity abroad. Very copious translations have appeared in the German, Danish and French languages, and a selected edition has been issued in London. Algernon Swinburne and Robert Buchanan have on many occasions tendered Mr. Whitman their earnest reverence, and Mr. Buchanan, learning a few weeks ago that the aged and rugged singer was unable to secure a publisher for his late works, sent him a check for \$100, and started a popular subscription in England to aid him in bringing his productions into a shape for general study.

Last Summer he appeared before a club of mechanics at Camden, N. J., where he is now living, and read one of his own poems, "The Mystic Trumpeter." In appearance he was then a large, lame old man, six feet tall, and dressed in his favorite suit of English gray. A criticism of one's own work may not always be acceptable to the thinking world; but Whitman's views of his own mission may serve to explain the theory of his verses: "The feudal poet was the finder and user of materials, characters, all ready for him; but I have really to make all, except my own inspiration and intentions—have to map out, fashion, form and knit and sing the ideal American. Shakespeare, and all, sang the past; I project the future—depend on the future for my audience."

## HON. HORATIO G. WARNER, LL.D.,

LATE REGENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Columbia County, N. Y., in 1801. He graduated at Union College in 1826, was admitted to the Bar and settled in Madison County, N. Y., where he practiced law and was elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. In 1840 he removed to Rochester, N. Y., where he continued the practice of his profession in partnership with Delos Wentworth. He published and edited the Rochester Advertiser, afterwards consolidated with the Union. He was for several years president of the old Bank of Rochester and trustee of the East-side Savings Bank, of which latter institution he was for a long time the attorney.

At the close of the war Judge Warner went South and purchased the large plantation of Ex-Governor Early, at Greensboro, Ga., which his son and family made their permanent, and he his Winter, home,

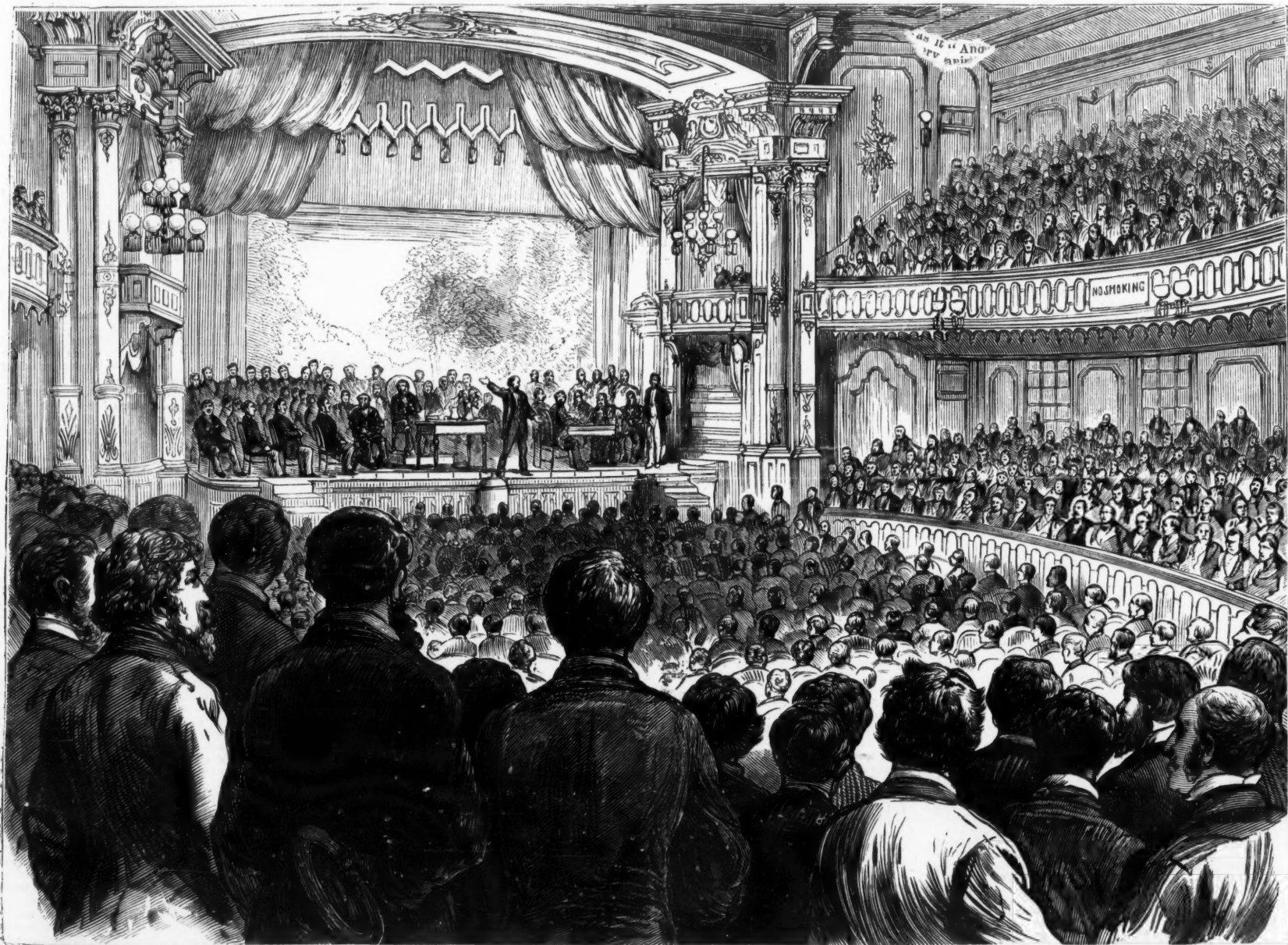
and where he died, Friday, February 11th, aged 75 years. He was appointed a Regent of the University of New York in 1869, the opposing candidate for the position being the Hon. Horace Greeley. In 1860 his Alma Mater conferred on him the degree of LL.D., and he shortly after created the "Warner Prize," given each year to the student distinguished for the most thorough progress and for exemplary conduct, exclusive of those indulging in the use of spirituous liquors and tobacco. He was a ready and eloquent public speaker, a close student, possessed a character of sterling and unimpeachable integrity, and his life was one of the utmost purity and honesty of purpose.



THE LATE HORATIO G. WARNER, LL.D.

## The Worth of Battlefields.

MEN do fight, no doubt, from mere recklessness, from hope of plunder or glory; and sometimes they have been whipped to it. But more often, when they go where one out of every four or five is likely to fall, it is with the nobler motive uppermost, and felt with a burning earnestness, too, which only the breath of the near-at-hand death can fan up. No! there is reason enough why battlefields should be, as they are, places of pilgrimage. The remoteness of the struggle scarcely diminishes the interest with which we visit its scene. Marathon is as sacred as if the Greeks conquered there last year. Nor, on the other hand, do we need poetic haze from a century or two of intervening time; Gettysburg was a consecrated spot to all the world before its dead were buried. There need be no charm of nature; there are tracts of mere sand in dreary Brandenburg, where old Frederick, with Prussia in his hand, supple and tough as if plaited into a nation out of whipcord, scourged the world; and these tracts are precious. On the other hand, the grandest natural features seem almost dwarfed and paltry beside this overmastering interest.



SYRACUSE, N. Y.—THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION AT WITTING HALL, MARCH 22D—DISCUSSING A MOTION TO ADOPT A "GAG-LAW" RULE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 78.



## THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

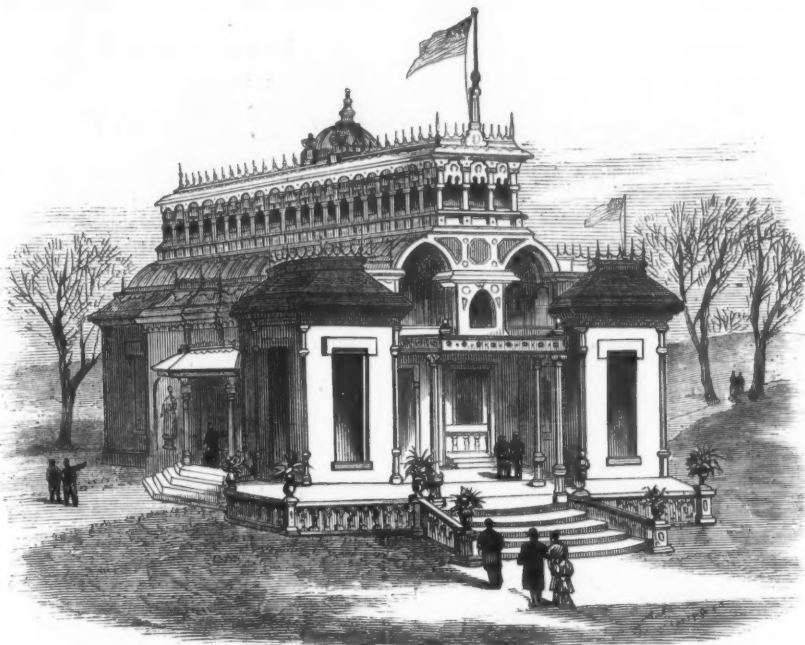
NOTES OF PREPARATION—NEW STRUCTURES ON THE GROUNDS AND INFLUX OF FOREIGN VISITORS IN PHILADELPHIA.

WE furnish, this week, some excellent sketches, by our artists, showing the present appearance of the streets of Philadelphia, the activity at the Main Exhibition Building, and some of the attractive structures now being erected on the Centennial Grounds.

## THE PROMENADE ON CHESTNUT STREET

is daily assuming a more varied and cosmopolitan aspect. Although the influx of strangers who are expected to visit the Quaker City during the Exhibition has not yet fully set in, enough have come to materially change the quiet current of easy-going Philadelphia life. Many are on hand from distant States to look after their interests; the British, Belgian, Spanish, Swedish, French, German, Japanese and other foreign commissions all have numerous representatives in the city, and the soldiers, policemen, workmen and other *attachés* of the commissions add to the life and bustle of the streets. Seen from in front of the "Continental," the point selected by our artist, on a fine afternoon, Chestnut Street presents a bright and cheery aspect. Up and down the vista street-flags are gayly flying from house-top and store-front—for on this avenue most of the inhabitants appear to have nailed their flag to the mast, not to be taken down until the Centennial becomes a thing of the past—the shop-windows are gay with bunting and Centennial banners and mottoes, and the sidewalks (or "pavements," as all true Philadelphians call them) are thronged with promenaders.

Occasionally among the crowd can be seen some of the foreign soldiers, and in the sketch given are two non-commissioned officers of the Spanish Engineer Corps, who are now the lions of the hour. These fortunate warriors must certainly consider that "their lines have been cast in pleasant places." Fresh from the hardships of the Carlist War, they came here to receive nothing but ovation and attention. The detachment consists of two sergeants, six corporals and sixteen privates, under command of Colonel Don Juan José Marin. They are all skilled artisans, and many of them wear medals given for bravery on the battlefield. Their uniform is very neat and serviceable. It consists of a close-fitting dark-blue coat, with long skirts, and panta-



INDIANA STATE BUILDING.

the placing of goods in position, viewed from one end of the building, offer a novel sight, the great perspective making the workmen at distant points appear smaller than infants, and the huge boxes and packages like toys.

## THE SPANISH BUILDING.

About half-way between the centre transept and the west entrance on the centre nave, in the Main Building, stands the emblazoned and elaborate

centre, the middle part being graced with a painting representing Spain in the act of disclosing the Western Hemisphere to the assembled nations. Below are portraits of Columbus, Isabella, wife of Ferdinand, Cortez, Pizarro, De Soto, and other heroes of Spanish discovery. The doorways are to be hung with heavy folds of silk curtains—red and yellow, the Spanish national colors. The pediment is to be surmounted by a grand trophy of shields, helmets and standards, won from the Moslem.

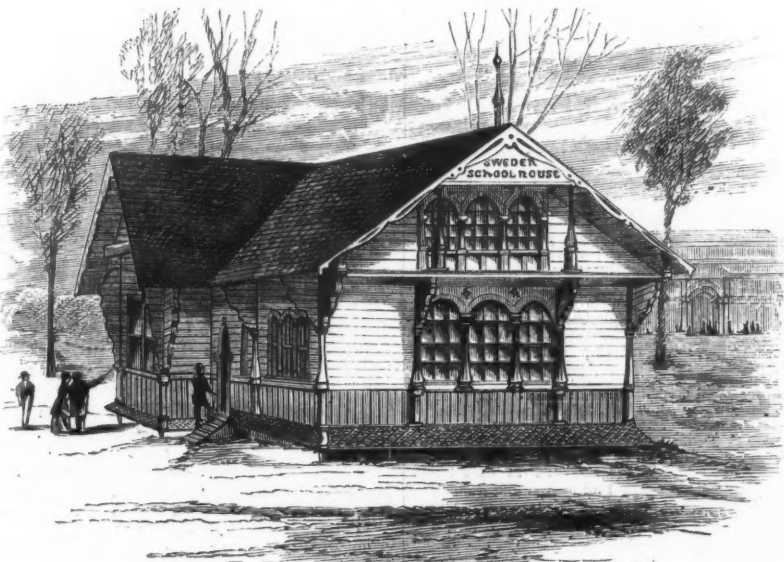
bers, the first story being filled-in with paneling, painted a light color, the rest of the exterior being covered with bright red tiles. It has a square tower, 85 feet high, and numerous porches, verandas, balconies, gables and dormer windows, which are arranged in a picturesque manner that gives a pleasing appearance to the whole. The interior arrangements are admirable, and a fine stairway leads to the tower, from which an excellent view of the grounds can be had.

## THE INDIANA STATE BUILDING.

On State Avenue, near Belmont Avenue, is the headquarters of the State of Indiana. Its peculiar plan and novel construction make it particularly noticeable. It is 65 x 65 feet, with an addition in the rear of 33 x 14 feet. The front building is 30 feet high, to the top of the lantern. It is octagonal in shape, and built of ornamental wood-work. A marked feature of the building will be the large plate-glass used in the windows; those to be placed on each side of the main entrance are probably the largest in America, being 18 feet high by 8 feet 2 inches in width. A tasty veranda will run around three sides of the building. The interior, which will be handsomely finished with wainscoting and paneling, contains two committee-rooms, one on each side of the main entrance; a large central hall, and ladies' and gentlemen's parlors, baggage, post-office, telegraph and other offices in the rear.

## THE SWEDISH SCHOOLHOUSE.

The Swedish Government takes a justifiable pride in making a special exhibit of her school system at our Centennial. In Sweden public instruction is compulsory for all children, and the cost is defrayed by the nation. The Government pays more attention than almost any other in Europe to good schoolhouses, especially in a sanitary point of view. Not only are plans of schoolhouses distributed, but they are accompanied by a printed pamphlet, giving numerous and valuable hints as regards the location and surroundings of the school, the quantity of space to be allowed to each scholar, the different modes of ventilation, etc. At the Vienna Exposition the Swedish Schoolhouse cost six thousand crowns, and was the admiration of all who visited it. Twenty-five thousand crowns, amounting in United States money to about seven thousand dollars, was appropriated for a similar building at Philadelphia, and it was among the first of the foreign buildings erected on the Centennial Grounds. It stands between the Jury Pavilion



SWEDISH SCHOOLHOUSE.



NEW JERSEY STATE BUILDING.

loons of the same color. A red stripe, two inches wide, is worn on the trousers. The coat is ornamented with silver buttons, and red chevrons and shoulder-straps. The cap, in the eyes of an American, is peculiar in shape and construction. It is low-crowned, diminishing to the rear, the top and visor being black patent leather; the sides of white cloth, ornamented with loops of plaited red braid. In front is worn a silver castle, and the whole is surmounted by a red pompon.

## THE MAIN BUILDING.

Our illustration on page 80 shows the active scene now going on in the Main Building. Workmen are busily engaged on pavilions for the display of goods from Germany, Spain, Egypt, Sweden, Norway and Chili. These are all ornamental buildings of considerable size, but being dwarfed by comparison with the immense structure in which they are erected, they appear like neat little cottages and summer-houses. Looking along the building, over one-third of a mile in length in a straight line from one end to the other, the first impression of the spectator, as he turns his admiring gaze from point to point, along the nave, across the transept and up into the towers of this gigantic but harmoniously proportioned edifice, is of regret that a view so noble is to be broken by the great number of structures akin to those above referred to, but taking into consideration the height of the roof, which is 70 feet on Central Avenue and transept, 65 feet on the side avenues and transepts, and 96 feet in the centre space or pavilion, the grand effect will not be destroyed by these buildings, which, although of large proportions, are by contrast made diminutive. The reception of goods, the marking-out space, the erection of show-cases, and

structure for the Spanish department. Spain incloses her passageways, right and left, and makes the entrances through grand portals in the centre. This inclosure at the main front will be 46 feet in height, the material being wood and canvas, which will be painted, carved and gilded in a very rich and elaborate style. There will be a grand doorway in the centre, and two side portals, all handsomely decorated. The central entrance is surmounted by a massive pediment, broken in the

We also give, this week, views of two of the State Buildings.

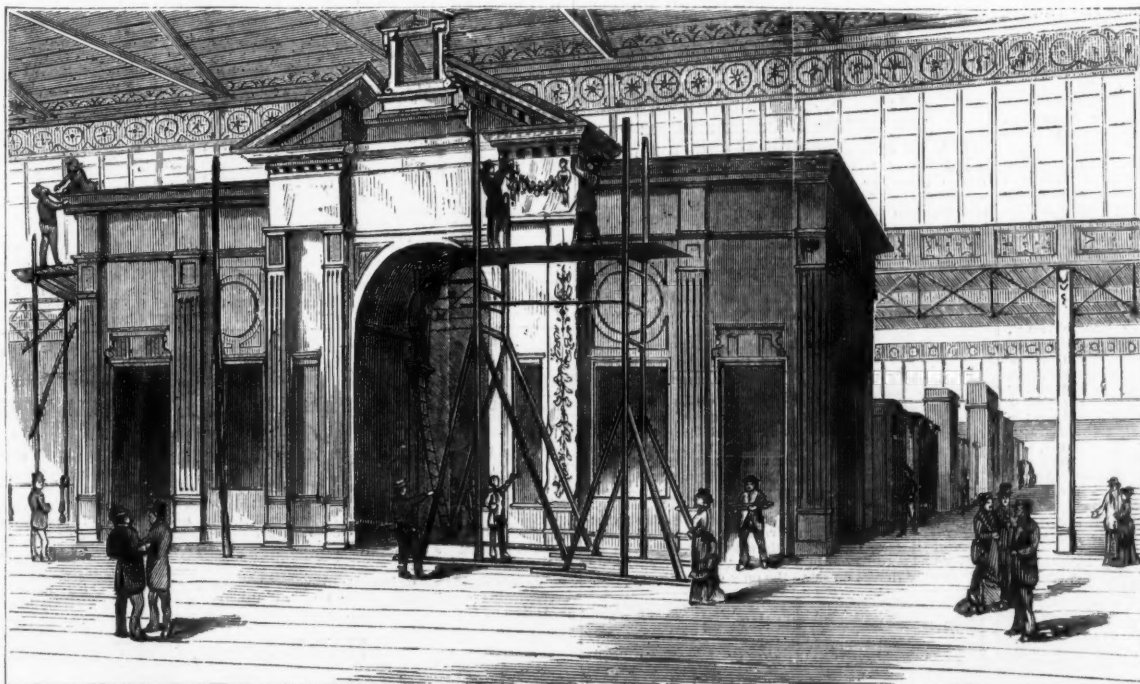
## THE NEW JERSEY STATE BUILDING.

On Belmont Avenue, close to the Women's Pavilion, stands a house of many gables and gorgeous with fresh red tiles. This is the New Jersey State Building. It is 94 feet in length by 57 feet in width, two stories in height, with attic and observatory. It is built of cross-beam tim-

and Memorial Hall, near the west end of the Main Building. It is a *fac simile* of the best common-school houses of Sweden, with this exception: the interior is not divided into two rooms, but forms only one, in order to display to better advantage the school furniture, charts and apparatus. The building is one-and-a-half stories high, is constructed of native wood, and put up by Swedish workmen. The roof is peaked and overhangs the sides, and the general finish is highly ornamental. All the wood is either oiled or polished, and in no part can be seen a nail. The windows are arched, and the sashes swing upon bright hinges, which resemble silver. It occupies a space of 40 x 50 feet, and is one of the prettiest pieces of workmanship on the grounds.

## Cape Diamonds.

SINCE 1867, when the first diamond was found at the Cape, it is estimated that diamonds to a value of £12,000,000 sterling have been brought away from there. As stated by Professor Tennant, of London, about ten per cent. of the Cape Diamonds may be classified as of the first quality, 15 per cent. of the second, and 20 of the third. The remainder, under the name of *bort*, is employed for cutting diamonds and for the various economic purposes by the lapidary, the engineer for rock-drilling, and so on. Many diamonds containing specks and cavities can be manipulated by skilled workmen acquainted with the cleavage, who are able to remove these blemishes. Some two hundred years since the work of cutting and polishing diamonds was principally done in England; since then this has been mostly carried on in Holland, but the English stone-cutters seem now likely to regain their early reputation. One stone from South Africa, described by Prof. Tennant,



SPANISH PAVILION.



weighed in its original condition 112 carats; it has been cut into a brilliant weighing 66 carats, and this, it is stated, exceeds in size and brilliancy any diamond in the British crown. It is valued at £10,000 sterling.

## FUN.

A RAILROAD meeting—The collision of two trains. OLD bachelors work with a singleness of purpose.

AN honest meal cannot be made from a boned turkey.

"REMEMBER," said a trading Quaker to his son, "in making thy way through the world, a spoonful of oil will go further than a quart of vinegar."

"Isn't your husband a little bald?" asked one lady of another, the other day. "There isn't a bald hair in his head," was the hasty reply of his wife.

SHE asked him if her new dress wasn't as sweet as a Spring rose, and the brute said it was, even to the minor attraction of still having a little due on it.

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.—Augustus—"Now, Emily, do you love me, or do you not?" Emily—"Well, if I say I don't, shall I have to return your presents?"

THEY have a disagreeable way in Canon City, Colorado, when a man takes a broken chair to the cabinet-shop, of saying: "Hit you with a chair, did she?" This is very trying to the average citizen.

A LADY put her watch under her pillow the other night, but couldn't keep it there because it disturbed her sleep. And there all the time was her bed-ticking right underneath her, and she never thought of that at all.

THE committee appointed to investigate the subject of ladies' luncheons when traveling, report that they invariably consist of a very small sandwich, large quantities of white and yellow cake, and an immense pickle; if the latter is absent, the affair is considered a failure. These data are trustworthy, and shed light upon a subject to which little attention has been paid hitherto.

## BLEEDING FROM LUNGS, CATARRH BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, A WONDERFUL CURE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 13th, 1874.  
R. V. PIERCE, M.D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I had suffered from Catarrh in an aggravated form for about twelve years, and for several years from Bronchial trouble. Tried many doctors and things with no lasting benefit. In May, '72, becoming nearly worn out with excessive editorial labors on a paper in New York city, I was attacked with Bronchitis in a severe form, suffering from a total loss of voice. I returned home here, but had been home only two weeks when I was completely prostrated with Hemorrhage from the lungs, having four severe bleeding spells within two weeks, and first three inside of nine days. In the September following, I improved sufficiently to be able to be about, although in a very feeble state. My Bronchial trouble remained and the Catarrh was tenfold worse than before. Every effort for relief seemed fruitless, and I seemed to be losing ground daily. I continued in this feeble state, raising blood almost daily until about the 1st of March, '73, when I became so bad as to be entirely confined to the house. A friend suggested your remedies. But I was extremely skeptical that they would do me good, as I had lost all heart in remedies, and began to look upon medicines and doctors with disgust. However, I obtained one of your circulars, and read it carefully, from which I came to the conclusion that you understood your business, at least. I finally obtained a quantity of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets, and commenced their vigorous use according to directions. To my surprise, I soon began to improve. The Discovery and Pellets, in a short time, brought out a severe eruption, which continued for several weeks. I felt much better, my appetite improved, and I gained in strength and flesh. In three months every vestige of the Catarrh was gone, the Bronchitis had nearly disappeared, I had no Cough whatever, and had entirely ceased to raise blood; and, contrary to the expectation of some of my friends, the cure has remained permanent. I have had no more Hemorrhages from the lungs, and am entirely free from Catarrh, from which I had suffered so much and so long. The debt of gratitude I owe for the blessing I have received at your hands knows no bounds. I am thoroughly satisfied, from my experience, that your medicines will master the worst forms of that odious disease Catarrh, as well as Throat and Lung Diseases. I have recommended them to very many, and shall ever speak in their praise.

Gratefully, yours, W. H. SPENCER.  
P. O. Box 507, Rochester, N. Y.

DR. CHASE'S FAMILY PHYSICIAN, FARRIER, BEE-KEEPER, AND SECOND RECEIPT BOOK, is, as its name imports, a most valuable handbook or *vade mecum* to those who are in quest of sound, practical advice and judicious counsel on the topics above indicated and may not be in an accessible or convenient situation to reach professional attendance. In fact it supplies the places of the doctor, veterinary surgeon, apothecary and housekeeper, happily blending them all in one authentic and compendious volume. The public are cautioned against the adoption of any similar work purporting to be by the author, as this is his only "New Book," and may be had by addressing the CHASE PUBLISHING CO., Toledo, Ohio, the sole publishers.

**Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.**—Indorsed by the fashionable world. This is the most elegant preparation for the skin ever invented, and has excited the cupid of unprincipled adventurers, who are plying off upon the public various imitations under different names. Beware of such, and particularly beware of Lotions for the skin containing Mineral Astringents, utterly ruinous to the complexion, and by their repellent action positively injurious to health. The chief of these is concocted by the convicted counterfeiter of *Burnett's Cocaine*. The original ORIENTAL CREAM, \$1.50 per bottle, is prepared and sold by Dr. FELIX GOURAUD (Inventor of the world-renowned ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, 48 Bond Street, New York).

**H. Waldstein, Optician, 545 Broadway, New York,** invites the attention of purchasers to his immense stock of Field, Marine, Opera and Tourist's Glasses, in the most elegant and exquisite mountings, fitted with lenses of the very best quality. Particular attention is asked to his skill in selecting the proper glasses for weak and defective vision, which has been the pride of his establishment for more than a quarter of a century. Spectacles and eye-glasses in gold, silver, tortoise-shell and steel, with Brazilian pebbles, crown and flint-glass of the purest and rarest in quality. Any of our readers desiring catalogues, Mr. Waldstein will take pleasure in forwarding upon application, without charge.

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**Tested by Time.**—For Throat Diseases, Colds and Coughs, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have proved their efficacy by a test of many years.

**Landscape Gardening.**—Geo. T. N. Cottam, formerly of the Central Park, lays out parks and pleasure grounds, and attends to gardening operations generally. Address by letter, care of Frank Leslie, Esq., 537 Pearl Street, N. Y., to whom advertiser refers by permission.

**Sufferers from Nervous Disorders,** who have tried in vain every advertised remedy, will learn of a Simple Cure by addressing, Box 2296, New York.

**"Champion" Prepared Food** for Mocking-birds, Thrushes, Robins, and all soft-bill birds. For sale by all Druggists and Bird-dealers. 25 cents per can. SINGER GRAVEL PAPER CO., Mfrs., 582 Hudson St., N. Y.

**The Big Bonanza.**—50 Side-splitting Pictures, 1 Magic Whistle, 1 Pack Magic Trick Cards, The Matrimonial Programme, 1 Pack Visiting Cards, 1 Pack Raymond Cards, 1 Pack Vanishing Carte de Visite. The lot in 1 Package all for only 25 cents. W. L. CRAWFORD, 65 Nassau Street, New York City. P. O. Box 3,676.

**Wanted.**—Agents for Dr. Chase's Family Physician, Farrier, Bee-keeper, and Second Receipt Book. This is the only New Book by Dr. A. W. Chase, and any other purporting to be such is a fraud. Great inducements to Agents. Sample copies, Two dollars. Address, CHASE PUBLISHING COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO, sole Publishers.

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**Peter Cooper's Words.**—"I cheerfully testify that I have been to the Colton Dental Association (19 Cooper Institute), and had two teeth extracted while under the influence of Laughing Gas. I felt no pain whatever, and the gas produced no injurious or even unpleasant effects. Send for circular. PETER COOPER."

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**George Fawcett Rowe,** in the play of "Brass," at the Park Theatre, New York city, says, while telling an artistic lie: "See that ring!" "Fact, I assure you." Telling simply the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, Mr. F. J. NASH, No. 781 Broadway, New York, up-stairs, and opposite A. T. Stewart's, can say, "See that ring!" solid gold, and cheap. "Fact, I assure you."

**Valuable Discovery.**—Dr. C. W. Benson, a practicing physician at 106 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md., who has paid much attention to nervous diseases, has discovered that EXTRACT OF CELERY and CHAMOMILE, combined in a certain proportion, invariably cures headache—either bilious, dyspeptic, nervous, or sick headache—neuralgia, and nervousness. This is a triumph in medical chemistry, and sufferers all over the country are ordering by mail. He prepares it in pills at fifty cents per box, postage free. The Doctor is largely known and highly respected in Baltimore.—*Episcopal Methodist.* For sale by all wholesale and retail druggists. JOHN F. HENRY, CURRAN & CO., Agents.

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CAN BE SUCCESSFULLY TREATED At the home of the patient, without the use of the KNIFE OR CAUSTICS, AND WITHOUT PAIN. Address, for Pamphlet, Dr. A. H. BROWN, NEW HAVEN, CONN. Correspondence from Physicians also solicited.

**CONSUMPTION, Weak Lungs, Throat diseases, Dyspepsia, General Debility, Loss of Strength, Flesh and Appetite, and all diseases arising from Poverty of the Blood, promptly and radically cured by WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA. Established 1858. Prices, \$1 and \$2 per bottle. Prepared only by**

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A certain and speedy cure for NERVOUS DEBILITY, WEAKNESS, etc., thoroughly tested for 30 years with perfect success. TWO TO SIX Boxes are generally sufficient to effect a radical cure. For further information, etc., SEND FOR CIRCULAR. \$1 per box; six boxes \$5, by mail, securely sealed, with full directions for use. Prepared only by WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 36 John Street, New York. P. O. Box 2430.

**BLAIR'S PILLS.**—The Great English Remedy for Gout and Rheumatism. Sure, safe, effectual. FROST & HARSANT, London, Prop's; H. PLANTEN & SON, 224 William Street, New York, Agents. Box 34 Pills \$1.25, by mail. Sold by Druggists.

**CORNING'S GERMAN COLOGNE** IS SPLENDID It is finer, sweeter, more lasting than any other. 3 sizes, 25c, 50c, and \$1 per bottle. W. O. CORNING, 337 Broadway, N. Y.

**CHEVALIER CASSE-COU** The MYSTERIES OF PARIS, A ROMANTIC FRENCH NOVEL. PRICE \$1 BY EXPRESS. WILLIAMS & CO., Cheshire, Conn.

**The Triumph Truss Co., 334 Bowery, N. Y.,** Are curing RUPTURE in from 30 to 90 days, and offer \$1,000 for a case they cannot cure. Prof. W. H. Burnham, M.D., Pres't. Send 10c for Descriptive Book.

## ONE DOLLAR.

**Spooner's Gardening Guide for 1876,** And Spooner's special collection of 30 varieties of choice Flower Seeds, including Ornamental Grasses and Everlastings, will be mailed to any address upon receipt of \$1.00, or Catalogue sent for two 3-cent stamps. Address,

**WM. H. SPOONER, Boston, Mass.**

**ONLY FOR MOLE PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN.** Use Perry's Mole and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable. **FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE.** Blackheads or Fleshworms. Ask your druggist for Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy, the infallible skin medicine, or consult Dr. R. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, N. Y.

**C. W. BARKER & SON'S** City Auction Mart, and New York Tattersalls, Southwest corner Broadway and 39th Street, New York. Regular sales of Horses, Carriages, Harness, etc., every Wednesday and Saturday at 11 o'clock. A large Driving-Ring for showing Horses on sale—the only one in the city.

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Agent's profits a week. New Novelties and Chromos. Catalogues free. Geo. L. FELTON & Co., New York City.

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**MOOD'S PATENT CAGE AWNING** Protects the Bird from SUN, WIND & RAIN. Very Ornamental, as well as Useful. For sale by all cage-dealers. Manufactured by the SINGER GRAVEL PAPER CO., sole proprietors, 582 Hudson St., New York.

**40¢ FOR 2**  
The parties will do all they claim.—*Weekly Sun, N. Y. Jan. 12, 1876.*  
"The groceries are the best."—*N. Y. Weekly Witness, Jan. 12, 1876.*  
N. Y. ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY, Jan. 22, 1876, published by American Tract Society, says: "We are acquainted with C. F. WINGATE & Co.; the promises made by them will be kept to the letter."  
C. R. POTTER, Middletown, Ct., obtained 97 names in 15 hours, on which his commission was \$38.80 net, or over \$2.50 per hour.  
D. A. EDGAR, Jr., Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., procured 11 names in the first 14 houses, and has made \$4.50 in a single hour.  
This is the biggest thing of the Centennial year. Every family wants it. Send stamp for full particulars to C. F. WINGATE & CO. (limited), 69 Duane St., New York.  
Agents, male or female, can make more money in this business than at anything else.  
"Of every day need in families."—*N. Y. Ex'r's Chronicle, Jan. 20, '76.*  
"No woman can afford to be without it."—*N. Y. Ch'n at Work, Jan. 27, 1876.*  
**40¢ FOR 2**

**CENTENNIAL SLEEVE BUTTONS,** 25 cents per pair. Sent postpaid upon receipt of price. Address, S. L., P. O. Box 4121, N. Y.

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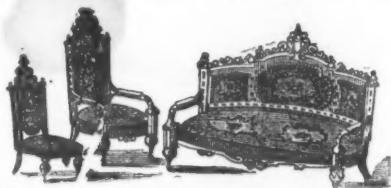
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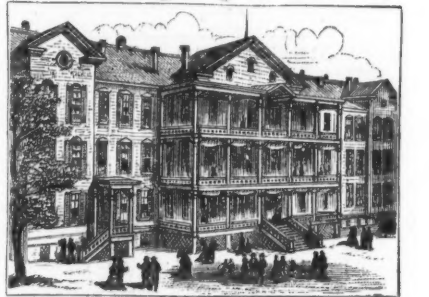
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